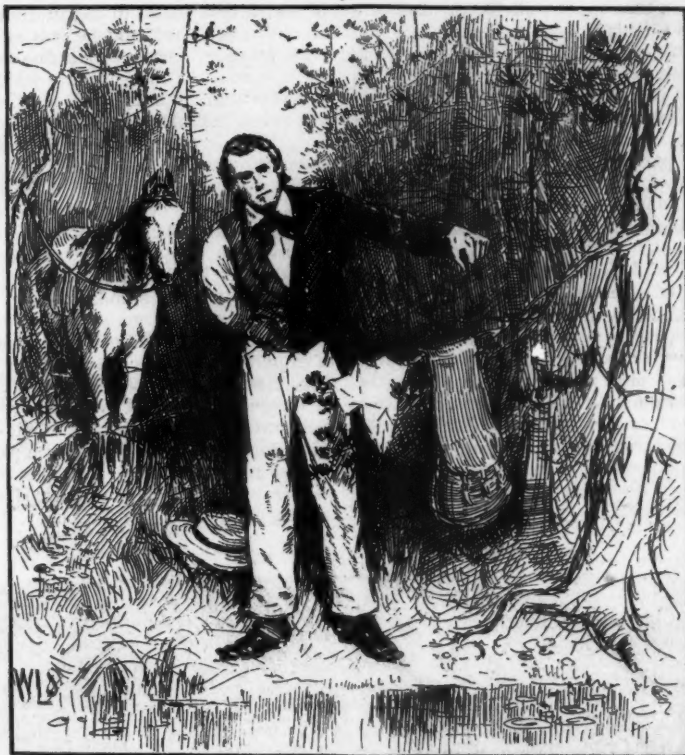


THE CONTINENT

Vol. III. No. 19.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 9, 1883.

Whole No. 65



THE YOUNG LAWYER'S TOILET.

A SOUTHERN STATESMAN.

IN the year 1876, Mr. James Harper, of Harper Brothers, met me on Broadway, and said: "Mr. Cleveland, the telegraph reports that Mr. Stephens is expected to die in Washington. Write me a sketch as quickly as you can, and Mr. Alden will pay you." A rather hurried sketch was prepared, but in no special anticipation of an occasion for its immediate use.

Some months later I was in his office, and Mr. Harper, recalling the interview, said: "You have the advantage of us—Mr. Stephens did not die, after all."

"I did not expect him to," was my reply; "he will outlive you, and possibly myself." The former prediction was verified. An absolutely pure and almost holy life, and a mind forever at rest in calm integrity, are elements well able to combat disease.

Few have been the visitors to Atlanta, the hill capital of Georgia, who have not made a pilgrimage to Mr.

Stephens' hospitable roof, much to the sacrifice of his valuable time. No man of his eminence did I ever meet who was so accessible. When summoned to London in 1871-72, to give information in the Alabama case, I found it difficult to get access to the lords of the Foreign Office, even with Mr. Gladstone's letter of direction in my hand; nor shall I soon forget the horror depicted in the faces of the underlings when I first visited Mr. A. T. Stewart without an appointment. But no man, woman or child was so humble as to be turned from the late Mr. Stephens' door. At my last visit a colored elder in the Northern Methodist Church was seated by him, waiting for an autograph presentation of one of the many books he has written, while at the door as I came out were two workmen, with the marks of their labor fresh on their clothes, but sure of a welcome from "our Governor."

Leaving a car of one of the eight railroads which radiate from the town like the spokes of a wheel, or going from one of the hotels which suggest the North in bigness, or from a hospitable private house, the stranger or the friend was wont to ask for Peach-tree Street—so called not because it has very few peach-trees on it, but from a historic creek of that name which crosses it. Above the first Methodist Church there is an imposing mansion, which turned out to be *not* the executive mansion, but a school. However, a two-story brick house opposite, in a yard with fine shade trees, and a fence and porch that speak well for the economy of the legislature, is the place sought. Sometimes one of the old staff of the preceding governor answered the door-bell and held out a silver salver for a card, but usually it was one of the young negro body-servants of the old commoner, who let you in with as little ceremony as the sage of "Liberty Hall" would himself have shown. Handsome parlors, with well-worn furniture, were to the right and left, but one esteemed himself fortunate if at once admitted to the *sanctum sanctorum*, the working den, containing a bed, a table, a lounge, some chairs, and a roller-chair.

In the chair you might have seen a man who did not at all impress you as small. His once light-brown, or rather sandy, hair, lately grew very white and thin. His face during his later years was less wrinkled than one might have expected, and it was more in the lower part of the face and in the expression of the mouth that marks of his age appeared. He was seventy-one years old on the eleventh day of February, 1883. His form was always slight, with long limbs, but the lack of proportion was not very noticeable. When standing with his crutches there was still the commanding mien which so instantly drew all eyes

rheumatism. The lameness which affected him near the close of his life was by many erroneously attributed to the fall of a heavy gate. He did indeed have a struggle with an unhinged one, but it did not appear at the time to hurt him. It was only a coincidence, he thought, that on the same night he was seized with a terrible attack of acute rheumatism, and that afterward he was compelled to speak from his chair. It was to his five months' imprisonment that, in his Macon speech of the present year, he attributed his disability to do more than to exercise for an hour in his room. His own people rather gloried in the infirmities over which the mind so triumphed, and he was at times spoken of as "the brain on wheels." His fine dark eyes retained to the last, much of that splendor which was the source of so much literary and poetic inspiration; and, with a somewhat intimate acquaintance with him, extending from 1859, I am not able to say if the scribblers are right who say they were black. I am rather inclined to call them a dark-brown.

Mr. Stephens derived his first name, Alexander, from his grandfather, who was one of the adherents of Edward the Pretender, and, after the defeat of his cause, at the battle of Worcester, about 1745, he came to this country and found sanctuary with the Shawnee Indians. Later he served under Colonel George Washington in the French-Indian war, and arose to the rank of captain in the Pennsylvania line during the Revolution. After that war the family settled on Kettle Creek, in Wilkes County, and then removed to the part now made into Taliaferro County. This old homestead contains the Stephens graveyard (see page 585), and in the left foreground is a heap of stones, once the chimney of the log cabin in which Alexander H. Stephens was born, on the eleventh day of February, 1812. Thus he was



THE UNION CHURCH—OPPOSITE "LIBERTY HALL."

in the House of Representatives when he arose, while Senators deserted their chamber to see and to listen. His confinement in a damp casemate at Fort Warren, in Boston harbor, which began on the twenty-fifth of May, 1865, and continued until the eleventh of October in the same year, greatly aggravated a life-long tendency to

seventy-one years old and twenty-one days when he died. The logs of the cabin he was born in now form the walls of one of the negro houses on the plantation; and the two-story frame house, built later, at a time when the cabin was used for the kitchen, was moved to another plantation on his father's death, and is now the



ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS (1843).

dwelling house there. The substantial granite wall hides the graves, and the body of the statesman will shortly be removed to this his chosen resting place, where his kindred sleep. The mother of Mr. Stephens, Margaret Grier, was the sister of the compiler of the famous "Grier's Almanac," who made fame and fortune by exactly predicting a severe spring frost in 1836. Justice Grier, of the United States Supreme Court, was also a kinsman. His father, Andrew B. Stephens, was simply a good farmer. The half-brother of the late Governor was Hon. Linton Stephens, late of the Georgia Supreme Court; and his nephew, Colonel John A. Stephens, who, with the orphan children of Judge Linton Stephens, inherits the property, was a lieutenant of regulars in the Confederate army, and is now Adjutant-General of Georgia. His (Governor Stephens') mother died when he was an infant, and his father in his thirteenth year, twenty-sixth May, 1824. His inheritance from the estate was four hundred and forty-four dollars, increased by two hundred more from the estate of his grandfather. His uncle, Aaron W. Grier, then gave him a home, and the interest of his patrimony at eight per cent, clothed him and sent him to school. Mr. Charles C. Mills, his Sunday-school teacher, and Rev. Alexander Hamilton Webster, pastor of the Washington, Wilkes County, Presbyterian Church, took a fancy to him, and he was put at the high school taught by the latter. They also secured a loan from the Southern Home Missionary Society to complete his education at the State University, then Franklin College. It was in gratitude that he took his middle name, Hamilton, from this clergyman, and not from the statesman. He intended to study for the ministry, but changed his mind from repugnance to the theological idea of a vindictive God, and being trusted with his own money, repaid his debt. Mr. Stephens believed in future punishment, but not in any sense save as the inevitable effect of sin. He also lived and died in the firm conviction that the merits and righteousness of Christ could alone avail to remedy this effect of the wrong that all men do. Probably if he had applied for the ministry he would have been found orthodox in the modern sense, and accepted; and

he remained to the last an honored member of the Presbyterian Church. What money he needed to complete his studies was borrowed from his older brother, Aaron G. Stephens—father, I think, to his heir, Colonel John A. Stephens. He graduated with honor in 1832, and taught school in Madison, Georgia, until he paid this and all other debts. His health was feeble from infancy. Having prepared for college in nine months at school, his preparation for the bar was as rapid. He began to study law twenty-sixth of May, 1834, and was admitted to practice twenty-second of July, in the same year, with no preceptor.

There was a magnetism in his kindly hand pressure, which disinclined one to particular analysis, and of which all were conscious, from the grown people who crowded to shake hands with him on his public appearances, to the dear little girls and boys who used to beg to come with mamma and see Mr. Stephens. While he enjoyed little reward in wealth, and less than he has deserved in station, one could never be with him without feeling that virtue had in him "its own exceeding great reward." I use "virtue" in its primary sense of manliness, for thus it fits this exceedingly manly man. In his Atlanta speech of 1882 he said: "I was better pleased and gratified with a remark I saw recently in a Philadelphia paper than with all the other squibs about myself. Referring to the nearly forty years I had been in the public service, it said in all that period I had neither grown rich nor fat." In parenthesis, let me say that he weighed eighty-four pounds in his stockings when he began the practice of law. His net weight shortly before his death was ninety-eight pounds, or one hundred and eight pounds in heavy clothes. He continued: "When I went to Congress I made a solemn covenant with myself, signing it the day before I took the oath of office, to this effect: 'Except my pay, I will never make a dollar in Washington city while a member of Congress.' Thus I served my constituents faithfully. I have collected thirty-five thousand dollars at one time before the Post-Office Department, and sent it to the contractor. He returned me five per cent of it. I told him I could not take it, and did not. He was as-

tonished, and said that others did so when employed as lawyers before the departments. I only told him of what had been my uniform course. I have collected for others, I suppose, half a million of dollars, and I would never take a cent of it. All I did there I did in my public capacity, not even attending the Supreme Court when the *House* was in session. I have attended there in vacation, but never would I make a dollar when Congress was in session." Replying to a question as to the fraudulent Bullock bonds, he said: "My past life is a sufficient guarantee against any such imputation or suspicion of my connivance with them, else life is not worth the living."

There were, when he so spoke, thousands of persons in the state anxious to destroy him politically, yet in all America not a voice or pen could be found to contradict him. This writer knew of a large fee being offered him to appear before the Georgia Legislature at the session of 1865-66, to procure for the banks of the state similar equitable relief to that granted to private citizens. This was on account of the war having destroyed securities. He was himself a sufferer from like causes, and in need, but upon being elected to the United States Senate, he promptly relinquished the fee. It was but the shadow of an office, for the passions of 1866 were too high to permit the Vice-President of the Confede-

sion; upon his face were none of the deep lines of cunning, avarice and hate.

I feel that I can confer no greater boon upon the generation to come—the youth of America, who see in every paper, who hear in every speech, and often in sermons, too, something to the dispraise of the rulers of our country—no greater boon, I say, than to point to this man, covered with years and honors, turning on the brink of the grave to challenge forty years of public gaze and inspection to convict him of a single public wrong or private iniquity.

Yet this was not one of the titled aristocrats of England, whose coronet and title-deeds date from the Crusades; whose wealth is too great for a bribe to tempt him, whose ancestral shield, marked *pro Deo et patria*, compelled the bearer of it to feel *noblesse oblige*. True, his grandfather was a cavalier of the friends of the Stuarts, a captain in the ranks of Washington; true, that among his maternal relatives was at least one eminent scientist and a justice of the United States Supreme Court; but his father was a poor farmer, who died in his son's thirteenth year. The mother—usually the guardian angel to shield from sin—died when he was an infant. He had need of Christian kindness to begin his academic and collegiate education, although he faithfully and punctually repaid every dollar; and one or



"LIBERTY HALL"—RESIDENCE OF ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

racy to sit in Federal councils; but he could not have even a shadow where integrity was involved. This it was which made the saintly and benignant look upon his aged face, not uncommon to clergymen of peaceful lives, but rare among those used to political strife. Upon his front were none of the thunder-scars of pas-

two incidents of his young manhood, when sickly, poor, and liable to all the temptations of the young, will show how real was the spirit of integrity within him, and how good the stuff of which he was made.

There were not half a dozen cases returned to the term of the court when he began to practice. His

small size and evident ill-health turned even appearances against him. There was then a shoe factory at Crawfordsville—his chosen home then and since—and as young Stephens passed briskly one of the negro workmen suspended the cup from which he was about to drink, and asked:

to walk. Pride prevented his asking the loan of a horse in his village, Crawfordsville. He had none of his own, and he did walk to the house of Aaron W. Grier, his uncle on his mother's side, ten miles, or nearly half his journey. This uncle had almost taken the place of the dead father, and he readily loaned him the horse. It



Alexander H. Stephens

(FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.)

"Who is dat little fellow what walks by here so fast dese mornings?"

Another answered: "Why, that's a lawyer, man."

Then followed the irrepressible negro guffaw, and a third was heard to say:

"A lawyer! Lawyer, indeed! You say dat! Dat's too good!"

This, with other things which he knew of, made the future seem dark enough. But he lived on six dollars a month in the frugal country way, blacked his own boots and made his own fires. Yet he so loved his home as to refuse an offer of an immediate competency if he would go away.

Judges and lawyers of the State Superior Courts "rode the circuit," and the next court session to his own was held in the town of Washington, Wilkes County. Here he had been a schoolboy, paying his way with a loan not long since repaid. No railway or stage line then existed between the towns, and it was too far

may be said that he had carried a change of clothing in saddle-bags over his shoulder, and that his walk was at night, to avoid the heat of a July day. He often spoke of the lonely feeling he had resting upon wayside stones in the darkness, and wondering if it was a type of lasting darkness in the future. But he had a half-night's rest in a soft bed, and on the next day he rode to court.

Nearing the town of Washington, he thought best to enter as free as possible from the grime and dust of his foot-journey. A pine thicket was his dressing-room, and probably a stream of water and his handkerchief the toilet conveniences. His saddle-bags contained, with a clean shirt, a pair of thin white cotton pantaloons. They were suited to the climate, and when starched might be taken for linen. Taking off the somewhat worn clothes he had walked in the night before, he put on the clean ones, and made his first state entry as a young lawyer seeking practice. He found it, and made four hundred dollars in that first year. But whatever his success in

that first practice away from home, he was prudent, for on leaving the town, and in anticipation of walking ten miles from his uncle's house to Crawfordsville, he dismounted and put on his soiled clothes to save the best he had for times of need.

Yet he had won his first law case, in ten days after being a lawyer, and refused the fifteen hundred dollar temptation to a city, saying to his home ties, like Ruth to Naomi: "Entreat me not to leave thee, to return from following after thee."

This is the man who resolved to devote his life to principles, from a childhood that held no hope save the providence of God for the "upright in heart," and who could say in 1882: "Well, I never made any departures. *I never departed from principles—I NEVER SHALL!*"

He had the courage of his convictions. This was evinced in his first race for the legislature, for he opposed a county vigilance committee which was proposed, and the administration of lynch law. He was also opposed to the doctrine of "nullification," in which many then went far beyond John C. Calhoun, and which the strongest men in his county advocated. The same firmness was demanded in his course on the admission of Texas, for Henry Clay, his party leader, was against him.

At the time of the Clayton Compromise of 1848, this independent course almost led him to martyrdom. He had moved to lay the measure on the table, i. e., kill it, and he succeeded in Washington to be met by execrations at home. At that time only seven Southern Congressmen had voted with him. It was reported to him that a large and powerful man had denounced him as a traitor to the South. He made some remark to the effect that he would slap any man's face who so said. Meeting the man, the charge was denied. On second thought, the man was not satisfied, and, having prepared for an encounter, he met Mr. Stephens and demanded retraction of his words. Mr. Stephens had an umbrella, the other a knife. The man of small size having refused to retract, several cuts were made at him and parried with the umbrella. At last, by superior might, the assailant threw him down, and a cut at the heart would have been fatal had not the blade partly closed. Another blow passed between two ribs, severing a small artery. Then, with left hand, on the forehead of the prostrate one and knife raised in his right, the bully said: "Retract, or I will cut your throat." Stephens said: "No, never!" As the knife descended, he caught the blade in his right hand and the elbow with his left. In this final struggle, the blade twisting in his right hand, the two got to their feet and were separated. It may be added, strange as it may seem, that the two afterward became friends. The skill of Dr. Hitchcock, of the United States Army, alone prevented death from the wounds received during this encounter. This was in Atlanta, September 4th, 1848. The tendons of some fingers and of the thumb of the right hand were severed. Young readers can now examine the later writing of Mr. Stephens, and know that it is not due to age or carelessness, but to his fearless adherence to principle. His secretary wrote his official letters, but Mr. Stephens signed all state papers.

This writing used to cause him some trouble. Once he wrote for "two Dagon plows." He got two dozen of another sort. Again, for "fifty pounds of rice," and received fifty pounds of ice. No really serious mishap ever resulted from these errors.

On the fourteenth of September, 1848, ten days after the encounter described, there was a vast mass meeting

of ten thousand persons in Atlanta to ratify the nomination of General Zachary Taylor for the Presidency. Mr. Stephens was asked to show himself on the stand, and, to prevent accident, the horses were removed, and the enthusiastic populace dragged the carriage. His appearance in the column of the procession drew shouts and tears alike beyond description. Senator Berrien spoke, but the people wanted to see Mr. Stephens, and when he arose, slight and emaciated, as if from the dead, there was such a scene as Georgians never saw before or since.

He only arose, he said, to acknowledge the greeting, and could not speak, but would give an anecdote. It was of an elderly soldier, one of the famed Doniphan Regiment, discharged in Mexico from the hospital almost naked, and unable to satisfy his own hunger or to reach his family and distant friends. A generous New Orleans merchant took him into his store, clothed him, fed him, and, giving him the means to reach his family, asked: "Now, is there anything more I can do for you?" The grateful soldier said "No," and took leave. After going some distance he paused, and then retraced his steps. On entering he met the inquiring gaze of his benefactor, and said: "I told you there was nothing more you could do for me. I forgot; there is one thing more you can do." "What is that?" cordially asked the merchant, taking the hand of the war-worn veteran. Said the soldier: "You can vote for old Zach. All I ask of you is not to forget to vote for old Zach." With heart full of gratitude, he went his way. "Now," said Mr. Stephens, "all I have to say to you is, don't forget to vote for old Zach!" He then resumed his seat amid such a shout as proclaimed full assent.

He recovered and canvassed the state, which gave General Taylor a handsome majority. Edward Everett, Hon. John J. Crittenden and others sent their congratulations, for the "dead Douglas," or the reported dead, carried the field.

It is said that Rome decreed a statue to her patriot, Fabius, because, in the time of peril, "he did not despair of the republic." The great Tully said in the days of Catalina: "It should even be written on the forehead of each one what he *thinks* of the republic." Mr. Stephens recently said: "Our complex government, state and federal, constitutes the best government in the world." Then followed in his Atlanta speech, in about the space of half a column, the best compendium ever given of what our system is, closing with the words of Jefferson in 1800: "The Constitution is but a chain to bind the rulers of the people."

In these days, when again the purple seems likely to be put up at auction, and only the dispersal of the legionaries to their homes in 1865 prevents the near parallel to the times and the luxuries of Imperial Rome, it is pleasant to be reminded that the sires of 1776 and the framers of the Constitution of 1787 were for principles, not *men* nor *power*. Pleasant to know that in all parties and in all the states there are patriots who remember that "governments derive their just powers from the *consent* of the governed," and that rulers and legislators are public servants. *Still may they be.* Then shall in all our western world—

"Still justice, truth and righteousness prevail,
While plenty crowns the hill and fills the vale;
Still sages hold on high the Moses rod,
Which guides to glory as it points to God!"

To tell of his success in Congress would be to recite the history of America since 1844. He had the grand courage, when faced by a report of a committee in Congress that seemed to involve his right to his seat, to

oppose the committee and hold their report unconstitutional. He said: "I do not think the election constitutional, but if you hold that it was, then my people say I am the man they have sent." The admiration of John Quincy Adams for him seemed then to begin, and a poem from the old statesman to the new one exists in Mr. Stephens' album. The following is an exact copy of it, recently made by his permission:

"TO ALEXANDER H. STEVENS, ESQ., OF GEORGIA.

H. R. U. S., 14th June, 1844.

Say, by what sympathetic charm,
What mystic magnet's secret sway,
Drawn by some unresisted arm,
We come from regions far away?

Congress. After a noble apostrophe to the Union and its glory, he said: "It is for us and for those who come after us to determine whether this grand experimental problem shall be worked out." He had before spoken of the astonished philosophers and crowned heads of Europe gazing at it in awe. This success, he said, was to be "not by doing injustice to any, not by keeping out any particular class of states, but by each state remaining a separate and distinct political organism within itself; all bound together for general objects under a common head, as it were, 'a wheel within a wheel.' Then the number may be multiplied without limit. Then, indeed, may the nations of the earth look with wonder at our career, and when they hear the noise of



"VOTE FOR OLD ZACH!"

From North and South, from East and West,
Here in the People's Hall we meet,
To execute their high behest
In council and communion sweet.
We meet as strangers in this hall,
But when our task of duty's done
We blend the common good of all,
And melt the multitude in one.
As strangers in this hall we met;
But now with one united heart,
Whate'er of life awaits us yet,
In cordial friendship let us part.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,
of Quincy, Mass."

Mr. Stephens was always a States Rights man, but never a Nullifier. His last speech in the old Congress was on February 12th, 1859. The Southern members were opposed to the admission of Oregon as a state, because that being a free state, would lessen the preponderance of the South and of the pro-slavery party in

the wheels of our progress in achievement, in development, in expansion, in glory and renown, it will appear to them not unlike the noise of great waters—the very voice of the Almighty—*Vox populi, vox Dei!*"

A story of that time, illustrating the narrow line between the sublime and the absurd, has probably never before been printed. Henry Clay's old room at the National Hotel was on the first floor on the northwest corner, and, after his death, Mr. Stephens occupied it during most of his Congressional career. After the great Oregon speech, in which the members had joined the galleries in prolonged applause, Mr. Stephens went to this room, and on the way overheard a person who had been present describing the speech of the day in Congress.

"Ah," said he, "you should have seen him, with his slight form quivering, yet erect like a steel rod, and his shrill voice ringing through the hushed hall in that grand climax—'*Vox populi, vox Dei!*' Oh, it was fine!"



"LIBERTY HALL" DURING THE WAR.

The other fellow, who had not heard it, was a little bored, and said:

"Y-e-a-s, no doubt; but I'll bet ten dollars you can't tell what '*Vox populi, vox Dei*' means."

"Yes, I can—put up your money," was the reply.

This little formality seemed to be effected, and the doubter said:

"Now, what is it in English?"

"Why," said the enthusiast, "It means, '*My God, my God! why hast thou forsaken me?*'"

"The money's yours," said the other; "but I didn't think you knew."

In 1859 he retired from Congress, and his farewell speech, July 2d, 1859, is worthy to frame with the farewell words of Washington. In 1845, in his Texas speech, he had said: "I am no defender of slavery in the abstract—liberty always had charms for me." In his farewell speech he said: "If slavery as it exists with us is not the best for the African, constituted as he is; if it does not best promote his happiness and welfare, socially, morally and politically, as well as that of his master, it ought to be abolished." His later words about the rock "impregnable as truth," and the "Corner-Stone" speech did not contradict these words. His letter to his biographer, written on the eighth of April, 1860, in reply to a proposal to use his name for President at the Charleston Convention, was as full of the spirit of self-denial and of obedience to the will of the people as his whole life had proved. But it was not until he stood by Senator Douglas in Atlanta, later in the year, that he knew how near Mr. Douglas had been to withdrawing his name for President in favor of Mr. Stephens. On November 14th, 1860, Mr. Stephens made his noble effort before the Georgia Legislature to stay secession and save the Constitutional Union of our fathers. How and why he failed, and how the South lost hundreds of millions in property because he failed; how we still decorate the graves of that useless war; how we lost our majority in Congress, and have only

just recovered it under Mr. Stephens' leadership and upon Mr. Stephens' plan and direction—this is recent history.

In leaving Washington in 1859, he was seen looking silently back from the Potomac boat at the swelling dome of the Capitol. On being asked his thoughts, he said:

"I was thinking that when next I see that dome I shall be a prisoner of war."

He did so see it, in 1865, from a similar river-boat, as he was on his way to Fort Warren a prisoner.

On the twenty-second of February, 1866, after release from prison, he spoke to the Legislature, saying: "We should accept the issues of the war and abide by them in good faith." The *New York Tribune* quoted largely from it. One paragraph about the negroes was this: "Ample and full protection should be secured to them, so that they may stand equal before the law, in the possession and enjoyment of all rights of personal liberty and property."

The end of Mr. Stephens' life, long anticipated even by himself, came most unexpectedly at last, when he was congratulating himself on unusually good health.

In his last political speech he put himself on the platform of the Supreme Court of the United States as indicated by the words: "This is an indissoluble union of indestructible states."

His last public appearance, and the only one after his inauguration as Governor of Georgia, in the autumn of 1882, was on the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the landing of Oglethorpe in Savannah, and the founding of the city and the state.

The funeral services of Governor Stephens attracted to Atlanta a vast crowd from the surrounding country, composed not only of the best-known people in the state, but of poor whites and negroes, who loved his memory. As I stood in the Senate Chamber while the remains lay in state, an affecting incident took place. Aleck Kent, Mr. Stephens' body-servant, came in, and

two women with him. One was a woman who lives in Atlanta, but the other had just come from Crawfordsville on the afternoon train. She was deeply affected, and wept freely as she stooped over the cold form of him she loved so well. It took but a moment to identify her as Dora Stephens, one of Mr. Stephens' servants. When she was spoken to, she clung to the hand held out to her, and said, amid hysterical weeping, "Oh, he is gone, he is gone—and who will take care of me now?" When more calm she said that the rest of the family were sick, and unable to come as they wished. The two colored women then left the chamber with Aleck.

On the day of the funeral, as one of the finest of the

Atlanta colored military companies guarded the curbstone line, a gray-haired colored woman of about sixty years stood crowded between them on the Custom House corner, and almost pressed into their ranks by the surging crowd of whites and blacks. She said to me: "Fore gracious, honey, I is come seben miles afoot to see Marse Aleck once more, and I 'se been here dese two hours, and I 'spect ter stay till night but I sees him." Her chance was that of one old woman among a hundred thousand younger, and she only saw the plumes of the hearse and the eight horses that bore her friend and master to the long rest which brain and body had so worthily earned.

HENRY WHITNEY CLEVELAND.



THE LAST RESTING PLACE.

AT DAWN.

I

I HEARD the angels singing at the dawn,
While the cool mist of morn lay still and gray,
Cov'ring each rounded hill and dewy lawn—
A close-drawn veil between the night and day.

II

Anon it rose like to a shrouded saint—
The morning wind came up along the stream,
Bearing o'er hill and vale the echo faint
Of their sweet song, low heard as in a dream.

III

The weary watch is o'er.
The night hath flown
And passed for evermore
Far o'er the azure floor
Of heaven blown.

IV

The golden light of day,
God-given, strong,
Pierces the shadows gray,
Which fade and flee away
The earth along.

V

So shall all idle fears
Born of the night;
Sorrows of days and years,
As the loved light appears,
Take them to flight.

VI

It ceased; the lingering echoes died away
In a low-murmured cadence, mystic, sweet,
As the sea murmurs in some quiet bay
Over the sands where shore and ripple meet.

J. A. RITCHIE.



SOME PEOPLE AND SOME OTHER PEOPLE.

BY ANNA FARR.

THE Reverend John Peter Paul Smith was a Methodist minister. He had been several years in the itineracy, and had saved five hundred dollars of his meagre salary. With this sum snugly deposited in bank, Mr. Smith began to indulge dreams of matrimony, and no right-minded person could blame him for it.

The future Mrs. Smith had been duly selected, and it was decided that they should be married just before Conference, and take their wedding-trip in an excursion to that meeting.

Let it not be insinuated that the Rev. John Peter Paul was influenced in this decision by a laudable desire to save expense. The newly-wedded pair were very independent in their feelings—as they well might be with five hundred dollars in bank—and they proceeded at once to the best hotel in the town, and paid their bills without even hinting at reduction on the score of the ministerial profession.

Mrs. Smith had never attended Conference before, and she enjoyed it amazingly. She was made much of, as was quite proper in consideration of the fact that she was a bride. The hospitable people of the town took kindly to Conference, and a succession of dinners and teas was given to the members. Brother and Sister Smith were especially mentioned in all these invitations, and they kept up quite a round of this mild dissipation. Sister Smith made such a decidedly good impression on the minds of all who met her, that Mr. Smith was often and warmly congratulated on his choice.

At length the important day came when the appointments of the Presiding Elder were to be read. The sisters were grouped anxiously together, waiting to hear their fate for the next year. Sister Smith sat with them. After several appointments had been read which seemed to give great satisfaction, Mr. Smith heard his own name announced:

"John Peter Paul Smith, Noxet."

"Too bad! Too bad!" chorused several of the sisters in one breath.

"I am glad I am not in your place, Sister Smith," said a lady in brown dress and bonnet, extending a sympathetic hand.

"Why so, Sister Jones?"

"Because they have such queer people in the Noxet Church," replied Sister Jones.

"Oh, is that all?" answered Mrs. Smith brightly. "I think we can get along with them for one year, at any rate."

Mr. Smith was commiserated by his brethren for the blank he had drawn in the distribution of ecclesiastical prizes. But he did not pay much attention to their croaking. To tell the truth, it seemed to him that any place would be delightful where he could enjoy the constant society of Mrs. John Peter Paul. He was young then, and new alike to ministry and matrimony.

It was two weeks after the close of Conference before the minister and his wife were ready to start for Noxet. They spent this time with Mrs. Smith's mother, and while there they packed and forwarded several boxes of bedding and household goods.

The Noxet people had shown themselves wise in one respect at least. They owned a good parsonage, and

had furnished it comfortably at their own expense with everything but bedding, china, silver, and such things as all families prefer to provide for themselves. When Mr. Smith heard of this parsonage, he was decidedly prejudiced in favor of Noxet, notwithstanding the doleful predictions of the brethren.

Behold, then, on a bright June afternoon, the Rev. J. P. P. Smith and wife on their way to Noxet. They had only fifty miles to travel—the whole distance by rail. The town was in the interior of the state, and in a region that had not been settled until a comparatively recent date. As they neared their future home, they looked anxiously at every varying feature of the landscape. Certainly the country was becoming more primitive and the houses plainer and farther apart, yet it was evidently a rich farming region, and there were no indications of poverty or lack of thrift. They were, on the whole, favorably impressed with all they saw.

The train was an "accommodation," and so exceedingly accommodating that it stopped often and everywhere. It was nearly dark when the conductor came into the car and announced:

"Next-stop-Noxet!"

Mr. and Mrs. Smith at once began to collect their various belongings, and make ready for leaving the train. It drew up, with a very wheezy puff, before a rude little station. No one alighted save the minister and his wife. Several men were standing on the platform, as usual at these little stations. The baggage was thrown off the train and it pulled away. Then one of the men stepped forward briskly, and said:

"Mr. and Mrs. Smith, I presume?"

"We are," replied Mr. Smith.

"And I am Mr. Mason, one of your members. Glad to see you, sir," shaking hands with his new pastor. "And you, too, ma'am," repeating the cordial hand-shaking with her. "Come right this way and get into my wagon. I'll attend to your baggage, and then I'll take you straight up to the parsonage. Our people are all there waiting for you, and I reckon supper is about ready by this time."

Mr. Smith helped his wife into the wagon while Mr. Mason went for the baggage. The men who were standing near assisted him in bringing the trunks to the wagon.

"I like him, at any rate," whispered Mrs. Smith.

"So do I," replied her husband.

The town of Noxet was small, and it took but a few minutes to reach the parsonage. It was quite too dark to form any opinion of its surroundings, but every window of the house was brilliantly lighted up, indicating a large company. Mrs. Smith felt a little shiver of dread, when Mr. Mason lifted her from the wagon, at the idea of meeting so many strangers. But if the minister's new wife had any one qualification for her difficult position, it was that of being equal to any emergency; so it was with a composed manner, though somewhat flushed face, that she followed her husband into the house.

They were met at the door by a woman with a small shawl over her shoulders, notwithstanding it was a warm June evening, and having her face tied up with a white handkerchief.

"Come right this way, Brother Smith and Sister Smith, and I'll take you up to your room. We thought mebbe you'd like to wash and fix up a little mite before seeing all the people. Just as soon as you are ready, you can come down to the parlor. I must run down and attend to things." And she departed.

Each gave an amused glance at the other as the door closed behind her.

"It is getting interesting, my dear Paul. Do make haste, and let us go down and see the rest of them," said Mrs. Smith, as she brushed her brown hair.

She hastily dressed herself in a black silk, so plainly made that it could not provoke criticism on the score of extravagant display, and then she pinned a lace collar around her neck. She had a pretty good idea as to what her style of dress was expected to be.

They were met at the door of the parlor by Mr. Mason, and by him introduced to several men who were grouped in the middle of the room. "Class-leaders and stewards," he explained. These, in turn, introduced them to the people as they flocked around. In the confusion of the crowd it was impossible to remember any name in connection with the person to whom it belonged. The woman who had welcomed them to the house was introduced as "Sister Loone," and the name struck Mrs. Smith as eminently appropriate to her general appearance.

When Sister Loone, who seemed to be very active, announced that supper was ready and invited them out into the large dining-room, Mr. and Mrs. Smith took their places at the table with a very comfortable home feeling. This was, perhaps, in part owing to the fact that the table was set out with their own china and silver, which the ladies had unpacked.

Such a supper! There was the greatest profusion of everything, nicely cooked and appropriately served. Noxet people certainly knew how to live well.

Directly in front of Mrs. Smith, as she sat by her husband, half-way down the long table, was a pyramid loaf of fruit-cake, at least eighteen inches high, and elaborately iced. While they were eating supper a very sweet-looking woman came up behind Mrs. Smith and whispered to her:

"That fruit-cake is not to be cut. I baked it especially for you, but the ladies said it must go on the table, to make the table look nicely. It will keep a long time, and I know you will have so much to do for a while, that it will come handy to have some cake in the house. There is plenty for this evening without it."

"It was very thoughtful of you," replied Mrs. Smith.

Tableful after tableful sat down and were bountifully fed. Still the cake remained uncut, a conspicuous feature of the feast. Mr. and Mrs. Smith were very busy forming the acquaintance of the people until some of them began to leave, and then Mrs. Smith thought it proper to take her place as hostess.

She was trying to find a lost basket for one of the guests, when Mrs. Loone, who seemed to be everywhere at once, said:

"Now, Sister Smith, don't give yourself one mite of trouble. I'll attend to everything before I go."

"You are very kind," replied Mrs. Smith.

"Awful kind, ain't she?" said a sepulchral voice in the pantry, near which they were standing. Mrs. Loone did not hear it, but Mrs. Smith did.

"Why didn't your daughter come to-night, Sister Loone?" asked a lady who was packing her basket with the dishes she had brought.

"Well, she's got the spine. The doctor said so today. It's in her back, and hurts her awful."

Just then a half-grown girl, poorly dressed, came in with a large empty basket in her hand. Mrs. Loone took the basket into the pantry, and in a few moments brought it out filled and covered with a napkin. Several ladies gave each other significant glances, which did not escape Mrs. Smith.

Mrs. Loone bustled around, carrying the things from the table into the convenient and capacious pantry. As she went back and forth she explained to Mrs. Smith that she did not want her to have any trouble about clearing up in the morning.

The half-grown girl came back at this juncture with her empty basket.

"That's my bound-girl, Sister Smith. She's taking my things home." And again Mrs. Loone disappeared in the pantry with the basket.

"Just hear that woman!" said one sister to another. "She didn't bring a blessed crumb!"

All the same, she sent home the basket again and yet again, and then she departed herself, with an injunction to Mrs. Smith not to worry about things in the morning, for she would be around and straighten up.

The Rev. John Peter Paul and his wife were too tired to talk much after their last visitor departed. But Mrs. Smith was a thrifty little body, and curiosity prompted her to look into the pantry before she retired, and see what had been left her for future use. She found plenty of fragments of bread, a little cold meat, but not a scrap of cake of any description. The pyramid of fruit-cake had utterly and entirely vanished.

"'Twas ever thus," she said to Mr. Smith, who stood at the door with a candle in his hand, to shed light on her investigations. She began to comprehend the meaning of the oft-returning basket, and the significant glances she had intercepted.

The next morning she was awake bright and early. In fact, the novelty of her position had kept her awake the greater part of the night. She concluded it might be well enough for her to attend to clearing away the remnants of the feast herself, and not to wait for Mrs. Loone. With this laudable intention, she went down to the pantry, and a close search resulted in the finding of various packages of tea, coffee and sugar snugly hidden away. It occurred to her that there could be no objection to her removing the packages, and she accordingly transferred them to a china-closet.

She took some butter, jelly, preserves, pickles and a pie or two that she found and placed them in the china-closet also. Then she managed to get up a very nice breakfast from the remnants of the reception supper, and Mr. Smith was just asking a blessing when Mrs. Loone walked in, without the ceremony of knocking.

"Good morning, Brother Smith. Good morning, Sister Smith. I've had an awful night of it with my neuralgic, but I said, says I to Mr. Loone, 'I'll go right down to the parsonage and help Sister Smith clear away.' You just set still at your breakfast, and I'll go into the pantry and red up," and she whisked into the pantry, basket in hand.

Mrs. Smith heard her moving dishes and tin pans, and she could imagine the unsuccessful search that was going on. Presently Mrs. Loone came out.

"Has any of the ladies been here this morning, Sister Smith?"

"No one."

A mystified look came into the face that was still tied up with the white handkerchief, but evidently Mrs. Loone did not consider it prudent to ask any more questions.

"Well, I guess I'll go home. I've got the neuralgic

so bad, and Mag—she's my daughter—she has the spine, and I've got a big family of boarders, and nobody but my bound-girl to help me. Good morning." And she left with an empty basket.

"Boarders," thought Mrs. Smith. "John, dear, I think Mrs. Loone understands how to provide for a family," but she did not give him her reasons for this belief. She would not prejudice him against any of his people.

Months afterward one of those same boarders informed Mrs. Smith that they were still occasionally treated to a piece of fruit-cake, which had been an un-dreamed-of luxury previous to the evening of the reception.

The parsonage was soon in prime order. Mrs. Smith made a notable little housewife. Her husband found he could safely trust in her prudent management, and he left pecuniary affairs pretty much in her hands, and gave himself unreservedly, heart and soul, to his own proper work. One bright morning, a few weeks after their arrival in Noxet, Mr. Smith started out to call upon some of his parishioners. He left Mrs. Smith singing at her work, her busy hands deftly putting some finishing touches to the parlor, which already was as bright and cheerful, it seemed to the happy young minister, as room possibly could be.

There was a subdued rap at the back door, and Mrs. Smith hastily stepped down from the chair on which she was standing dusting off a picture frame. Opening the door she saw a stranger, dressed like a farmer, who introduced himself as "Mr. Gray, one of the stewards." Mr. Gray had fair hair, mild blue eyes, a face that was exceptionally child-like and innocent in expression, and a voice wonderfully soft and musical. Mrs. Smith's heart warmed to him at once.

"Sister Smith, I dare say," he added after introducing himself. "Is Brother Smith at home?"

"No; he has gone out for the morning."

"Oh, I am so sorry! I wanted to see him; I wanted very much to say to him that I am sure our church is going to prosper under his ministry. Our people are all delighted with him; and Noxet people are not very easy to please, either."

Mrs. Smith was more than delighted with the man who so thoroughly appreciated his pastor. Her manner was cordial, and her face glowed with pleasure.

"By-the-way, Sister Smith, I thought, as you were just commencing housekeeping, you would need some wood, and I have a load of nice dry hickory out here that I have brought for you."

"You have? How thoughtful and kind!" said Mrs. Smith gratefully.

"Where shall I put it, Sister Smith?"

"In the wood-house, please."

The wood was very speedily unloaded, and Brother Gray came to the door once more. His heart seemed so full of joy at the prosperity of the church, and of love for the new pastor who was doing such efficient service in Noxet, that he seemed unable to tear himself away. After many kind messages for Mr. Smith, he said:

"I really must be starting home. Sister Smith, if it is not too much trouble, will you please give me a receipt for the wood, putting the value at two dollars and a half? Hickory wood is selling for three dollars a cord, but as I pay two dollars and a half each quarter, and don't want to be mean with my pastor, we will just call it two dollars and a half, and that will make us even."

Mrs. Smith wrote the receipt and Mr. Gray went away. She thought she would go out and take a look at her purchase.

"Is it possible that little pile can be a cord?" she queried to herself. Such wood as it was, too! Knots, crooked sticks, limbs of dead trees, and not a single good stick of wood to be seen!

She saw she had been cheated in quality, and she determined to assure herself in regard to the quantity. She piled it up as well as she could, and then went into the house for the tape measure.

Mr. Smith had just returned. "Oh, John, come and help me measure this load of wood," and she told him of her purchase.

"Now, John, you know a cord of wood is four feet wide, four feet high and eight feet long." They measured the pile and found there was less than one-third of a cord! She had paid the mild-mannered, affable Mr. Gray three times what the very best wood could have been bought for on the street.

She did not repeat to her husband the pleasant things Mr. Gray had said about him. They all seemed to have lost their value after the little wood transaction.

When they had been in Noxet about a month a notice was handed to Mr. Smith, one Sabbath morning, inviting all the ladies of the congregation to meet that week at the house of one of the prominent members to reorganize the sewing society. Mrs. Smith was delighted to hear this notice. The church needed some repairs, and this seemed such a good way to raise funds for that object.

The ladies met promptly, exchanged pleasant greetings, and sat around in mute expectancy.

"Who is your president, Mrs. Loone?" asked Mrs. Smith of that lady, who still had her head tied up, and seemed to have a chronic "neuralgia."

"We haven't none now, Sister Smith. Sister Porter—she was our last preacher's wife—she was president till she went away. You'll have to be president now, Sister Smith."

"Oh, no; you must elect some one older than I. Who is vice-president?"

"Sister Mason."

Then Mrs. Smith suggested that Mrs. Mason call the ladies to order. This was done, and Mrs. Mason told them their first business was to elect a president to fill the vacancy caused by the removal of Sister Porter.

"Will some one please nominate?"

"Sister Smith! Sister Smith!" was the response on all sides.

"I second the nomination," came from a corner.

"All in favor of Sister Smith please say 'Aye.'"

There was a general "Aye."

"Sister Smith is elected unanimously," said Mrs. Mason.

Mrs. Smith told them she should much prefer that some one older and better acquainted with them and their ways of working should take the place.

Up spoke Mrs. Loone: "No, Sister Smith; that's what a preacher's wife is for."

Seeing it was expected as a matter of course that the pastor's wife should be president of the sewing society, Mrs. Smith, with quiet dignity, accepted the position. She made a neat little speech, giving them her ideas in regard to the best way of running the society, and telling them she expected all to assist her in her new and untried duties. They listened with great deference, and Mrs. Smith began to think the office rather pleasant, after all.

But if she indulged the idea that her position was simply an ornamental one, and that all she would have to do would be to preside in her chair of state at the fortnightly meetings of the society, she found herself

very much mistaken. There was not the slightest intention on the part of any one that Sister Smith should be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease. The office meant business. It meant leaning over a table and cutting out shirts a whole afternoon at a time. It meant stitching bosoms and making button-holes. It meant ripping out all the poor work and doing it over again. Last, but not least, it meant finishing all the work that was promised at a given time, but that no one else felt at all responsible for.

Mrs. Loone once said, very pointedly, when the question was asked, "Who will take home this work and finish it?" "Let them as has neither boarders nor babies do it." And Sister Smith took the garment and finished it some time during the night.

One day several of the young ladies in the society were making night-caps of Swiss muslin, embroidered in tambour stitch, as was the fashion then and there. Mrs. Smith had drawn the patterns and taught the stitch to the young ladies. Their needles and tongues were flying swiftly, when all at once there was a sudden hush in the room. Mrs. Smith looked up from her work and saw an elegantly-dressed, stylish-looking lady just coming in. There was a suppressed whisper of "Mrs. Grimshaw! Mrs. Grimshaw!" but no one rose to welcome her. With true courtesy Mrs. Smith went forward to welcome the stranger.

"This is Sister Smith, I presume. I am staying with a friend for a few days, and am to leave town to-morrow. I heard you were trying to raise some money to repair your church, and, as I like to aid in every good work, I thought I would come in and see what you have for sale."

Mrs. Smith was pleased, and politely led her around the room and showed her the different kinds of work they were doing. When they reached the group of young ladies Mrs. Grimshaw paused.

"Let me see what you are making here. Night-caps, indeed. Why, they are lovely! Let me take one, please," and she held it up in her jeweled hand and carried it to the window for critical examination.

"It is exquisitely done. I wish it was finished. I would like two of them very much."

"We can soon finish two," said Mrs. Smith.

"But I leave to-morrow afternoon."

"You can have them at noon, if that will do."

"Oh, charming! I do not go till three. Please send them to my nieces, where I am visiting."

The velvet-clad lady, whose solitaire diamond earrings alone would nearly have built the Noxet Church, went away with a graciously benevolent smile on her face. Then all tongues were unloosed. The ladies made haste to tell Mrs. Smith that Mrs. Grimshaw lived

in Boston; that she had no end of money, and came once a year to visit her niece.

"Well, she shall have those caps if I have to sit up all night to finish them," said Sister Smith enthusiastically; and she thought, with a glow of pleasure, how the building fund would be enriched by Mrs. Grimshaw's contribution. "But what price shall I ask for them?" said the practical president.

They had already sold several at fifty cents apiece. But they unanimously concluded that Mrs. Grimshaw would not even ask the price, as the caps were merely a pretext for a generous donation to the church.

"They say she is a Unitaryist, too," said Mrs. Loone, who had a fatal facility for manufacturing and misapplying words.

"A what, Sister Loone?" asked Mrs. Smith.

"A Unitaryist. All them Boston folks are."

Mrs. Smith took the caps home to finish, and also some narrow thread lace that had been given to the society. The ladies thought it no more than right to trim the caps with the lace, and thus show their appreciation of Mrs. Grimshaw's kindness.

Mrs. Smith sat up till after midnight. She would have finished the caps before retiring, but Rev. John Peter Paul woke up as the clock struck twelve, and saw her lamp burning.

"Are you still sewing?"

"Yes, Paul."

"Well, I am not going to let you spoil your eyes for this church, or any other. You married me, not the Noxet Church, and I want you to put your sewing up and come to bed."

Mrs. Smith dutifully obeyed, but she rose with the first streak of dawn. At noon the caps were done and she took them herself to Mrs. Grimshaw. That lady looked them over very closely, and asked:

"What is the price?"

"We have sold some without lace for fifty cents."

"I presume this lace was given the society? You did not buy it?"

Mrs. Smith had to acknowledge it had been given to the society.

"Of course, then, you cannot ask extra for the lace. Here is a dollar for the caps. Excuse me, I must finish my packing." And she left the room.

As a veracious narrator of facts, I am sorry to have to record that Sister Smith did *not* throw the two silver half-dollars after the retreating form of Mrs. Grimshaw. But she was young then and was rather overawed by the magnificence of this aristocratic Bostonian.

As she walked rather dispiritedly homeward, she reflected that perhaps, after all, some Bostonian "Unitaryists" could give points to some Noxet Methodists.

NAPA VALLEY, CALIFORNIA.

FAIR is the valley of the blue and gold!

Above, shine skies of amethystine hue,

While far and near, impearled with morning dew,

The golden grain springs from the fertile mould.

Close by a stream which winds from far away,

The lovely city of the wood-nymphs lies,

By Flora almost hid from mortal eyes;

And far to south the white sails speck the bay.

Here, St. Helena proudly holds her sway,

And woos soft breezes from the western sea;

While health and peace and joy her will obey,

And learning, 'neath her sceptre, bends the knee.

Here, traveler, rest and make life's sunset sweet.

The Eden-land of earth lies at thy feet!

CLARENCE T. URMY.

THE WEDDING VEIL.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.

[Travelers in Japan describe the Japanese maiden's wedding-veil as a long, flowing piece of gauze, white, and soft in texture. It is used but twice—first for a bridal-veil, and again when it serves as a winding-sheet.]

WEAVE ye the veil, O maidens ! sing and weave !
Let your swift shuttles fly !
Nor may one nimble finger dare to leave
A flaw within the ply ;
Like her pure life, the web must not receive
Or faintest stain or dye.



Weave ye the veil, O maidens ! weave and sing !
Let strains of joy arise !
In chorus chant the hymeneal ring,
Let all the glad surprise,—
The shy, sweet joy to see so fair a thing—
Well up within her eyes.



Sing of the happy lover, proud and free !
Its folds when first he sees,
So snowy white in graceful witchery
On the caressing breeze.
The moonbeams, sleeping in their purity,
Are not more fair than these !

Sing of the rounded days that glide away
From rosy-fingered Time,
Who counts the laughing hours like buds of May,
Each opening in its prime ;
They show a heart of rose too sweet to stay
Within this fitful clime.

Weave ye the veil, O maidens ! Soft and slow
Your strains may echo here !
Twine strong the thread, and firm the web let go,
To last full many a year ;
The bridal robe, with all its graceful flow,
Must drape the funeral bier.

Weave ye the veil in silence ! Holy Love
Shall cast its tender spell
O'er the souls passing to that home above
Where all true hearts do dwell !
Weave for two brides ! Death can only prove
A second wedding-bell.



BELINDA.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON,

Author of "Good-by, Sweetheart!" "Red as a Rose is She," etc., etc.

PERIOD III—CHAPTER IV.

"He was not far wrong," says Sarah dispassionately, "though I am afraid that it was scarcely in a brotherly spirit that he said it; I *am* eminently well able to take care of myself!"

It is next morning, and the girls are beginning the day with a preliminary saunter round the narrow bounds of the little garden, and the newly-mown tennis-ground. They are very small bounds, but within them is room for undried dew; for a blackbird with a voice a hundred times bigger than its body; for a guelder rose, a fine broom-bush, and a short-lived lilac. What more would you have? Beneath one Turkey-red sunshade they stroll in slow contentment along.

"I have no foolish false pride," continues Sarah complacently; "when I realized that I was left behind, I saw that the only thing to be done was to make some one give me a lift home; they did not much like it at first, but they were very glad afterward, when they found that they had 'entertained an angel unawares!'"

"And how did they find out that they had?" asks Belinda dryly.

"They were delighted with my conversation," rejoins the other importantly; "I could not have done it if you had been by," breaking into a laugh; "but I talked about the Higher Education of Women!"

Belinda joins in the laugh; nor is there any evidence of her mirth being less spontaneous and bubbling than her sister's. Ahead of them the little dogs are frisking. At least, to speak more correctly, Punch is. What little frisk time and fat have left to Pug has been stamped out of her by mortification at Punch's reappearance on the scene. When you are no longer in your first youth, there is really not much amusement in having one of your hind-legs continually pulled, mouthed, and facetiously worried from behind.

"And you," says Sarah, standing on tip-toe to reach a lilac bough, and rub her face luxuriously against it; "how did *you* get home?"

A red sunshade always diffuses a glow over the face beneath it.

"Oh, I walked," with an assumption of inattention. "Alone?"

There is a second's hesitation before the answer comes. Belinda is naturally veracious; but after all, there is nothing incompatible with literal veracity in answering:

"Yes, alone."

"Were you not frightened?" asks Sarah.

Her tone is careless; but she has loosed the lilac bough, and her shrewd eyes are—perhaps accidentally—bent upon her sister's.

"Frightened!" repeats Belinda, with an impatience that seems out of proportion to the occasion, eagerly following her junior's example, and thrusting her hot cheeks among the cool and sugared lilac-clusters; "what a silly question! why should I be frightened? what was there to be frightened at?"

But to this heated inquiry Sarah makes no answer; a reticence which causes a feverish misgiving to dart

across Belinda's mind. But no! her sister's room looks toward the back. Sarah has an eye like a greyhound, an ear like a stag, and a nose like a truffle dog, but even she cannot see and hear through deal boards.

"I must leave you to your own devices this morning," she says, changing the subject with some precipitation; "you must amuse yourself as well as you can till luncheon-time."

Sarah lifts her eyebrows. "Do you mean to say that you intend to take three hours in ordering dinner?"

"Ordering dinner!" echoes the other ironically; "ordering dinner indeed! did you ever happen to hear of Menander?"

"Never."

"Nor of his Fragments?"

"Never."

"Nor of his notes, Philological, Critical, and Archaeological?"

"Never."

"Happy you!" says Belinda dryly, beginning to walk toward the house.

"If I were you," cries Sarah irreverently, calling after her, "he should be in still smaller 'fragments' before I had done with him."

Belinda laughs.

"Bah!" she says; "it is all in the day's work; perhaps it is better to have too much to do, like me, than too little, like you."

There is such a strong tincture of cheerfulness in the tone with which she speaks, it differs so widely from the dogged submission of yesterday, that Sarah eyes her suspiciously.

"You take a rosy view of life this morning," she says, with a streak of sarcasm.

Belinda changes color.

"It is a matter of weather," she says quickly. "I am very much influenced by weather; you know that you always used to say that I was a Weatherglass!"

But is it a matter of weather? Is it the weather that sends her humming with irresistible gayety to her desk and Menander? Spring-time, it is true, is exhilarating; morning is exhilarating; life's morning is exhilarating; why, then, should she not be exhilarated? But is it of these three innocent stimulants only that she is drinking? There must be something different from her wont in the very quality of her step as she enters her husband's study, for he looks up.

"You are late," he says briefly.

"Only three minutes," she answers pleasantly; "and I will make it up at the other end."

She seats herself at her *escritoire*, forcibly and with difficulty swallowing down the end of the tune that she has been singing to herself, under her breath, all the way up stairs. Even the very room—the hated task-work room—looks different from what it ordinarily does. Usually it is quite sunless; but this morning a long, slant dart of gold has squeezed itself in, taking no denial, and on it how the dust-motes are dancing! Must everything dance to-day?

The Professor, at least, is an exception to the general

rule. He shows no signs of any wish to dance. While dictating, he is in the habit of walking up and down. She knows the exact square in the carpet from which he will start, and that at which he will pause and turn. He has begun his diurnal course; but there is a moment's interval before the first words of the first sentence leave his lips.

She pauses, pen in hand, awaiting them; and as she pauses, following him with her eyes, a feeling of genuine and potent compassion passes through her heart and brain.

"How dreadful to be old! How hideous to be ugly, cantankerous, unloved!"

"I think," she says, under this impulse, speaking in a gentle, hesitating voice, "that I owe you an apology for my rude speech about you to Sarah, after dinner yesterday. I dare say," laughing nervously, "that you have forgotten it. I am sure it was not worth remembering; but, at all events, it makes me easier in my mind to tell you that I regret it."

The intention of this speech is excellent; as a mere question of judgment and tact, it is doubtful whether it had not been wiser to have let her stinging jest lie, without resuscitating it even to repent of it.

The expression of his face shows whether or no he has forgotten it.

"I think," he says aridly, "that since we are already late, we had better keep to the subject in hand."

For a moment or two she bows her crimsoned face and bitten lips over her desk, in furious annoyance at having laid herself open to this self-inflicted humiliation. But, ere long, her serenity returns. It is only wounds inflicted by those we love whose sting lasts.

After all, she has done her part—she has made the *amende*. Of what least consequence is it how he has taken it? But her compassion is dead. He may look as old, as pinched, as bloodless as he chooses. No smallest throb of pity stirs her heart again; nor does any other word, unrelating to the subject of her labor, cross her lips.

Through all the fresh bright morning hours he travels from his one carpet-square to his other carpet-square, elaborating careful, classic phrases as he goes; and she, in docile silence, follows him with her pen.

The sun soars high; the drowsy flies inside the shut window make their futile journeys up and down the pane. The swallows sweep across outside, bells ring, butchers and bakers drive up and drive away; but not one of these distracting objects does she allow to beguile her for one instant of her toil. She will do her task-work conscientiously, thoroughly, wholly, so that hereafter neither he nor she herself may have anything to reproach her with; and then, when it is ended—she allows herself one long breath of prospective enjoyment—why then the sun will still be high; the swallows will still be darting; the lengthy May afternoon, with probabilities too bright to be faced in its green lap, will still be hers.

And, meanwhile, how well the pens write! how clear her own apprehension seems! She has even suggested a verbal emendation or two, which his nice ear has accepted. How quickly the morning is passing! Can it indeed be a quarter to one that the college clocks are striking? After all, there is no great hardship in being amanuensis to a savant afflicted with weak eyes; it is a great matter to be able to be of use to some one!

She looks up, smiling rosilily; if not forgetful, forgiving, of her former snub.

"We have done a good day's work!" she says congratulatingly. "You have been in vein this morning."

"It is fortunate if it is so," replies he grudgingly, "for we have large arrears of work to make up."

"Have we?" she says, a little blankly, rubbing her cramped right finger and thumb; "but—but not to-day?"

"And why not to-day?" rejoins he firmly. "I have promised that my 'Essay upon the Law of Entail among the Athenians' shall be in the printers' hands by to-morrow, and it is therefore necessary that the proofs should be corrected before post-time to-day."

"Not to-day!" cries she feverishly; "not to-day!"

The smile and the short-lived roses have together left her face. She looks fagged and harried, but obstinate. "And why not to-day?" repeats he, regarding her with slow displeasure.

"You forget," she says,—"you seem to forget that we have a guest."

"She will, no doubt, provide herself with amusement," replies he disagreeably; "she will, no doubt, amuse herself perfectly without your aid."

"And I?" she says in a low voice, turning very white, and looking at him with concentrated dislike (is it possible that she could ever have pitied him?) "how am I to amuse myself? does it never occur to you that I, too, may wish to be amused?"

"I put no impediment in your way," he answers frostily; "you are at liberty—with the exception of the hours during which I am compelled to claim your services—to choose your own pursuits, your own associates."

"Am I?" she says, hastily catching him up, while the dismissed carnation color pours in flood back into her cheeks again. "You give me leave?"

He looks at her with such unfeigned and unadmiring astonishment in his cold eyes, that she turns away in confusion.

"How long will you want me for?" she asks faltering; "how many hours will the correcting of these proofs take?"

"It is impossible to say, exactly," replies he, tranquilly leaving the room; satisfied with her acquiescence, and indifferent as to the spirit in which that acquiescence has been given.

The afternoon is three hours old, and Belinda still sits at her desk. The dew is dried, the long sunbeam has stolen away, but though it does not cheer her by its visible presence, she is aware, by the augmented heat of the close room, that the sun is beating hard and hotly on roof and wall. And on these thinly-built houses it *does* beat very hotly. At her side lies a heap of corrected slips, but before her is piled another, scarcely less bulky. She has been at work upon them for an hour and a half, and still she sees no end to her toil. Her head aches with long stooping; she has inked her tired fingers, and her eyes are dull and dogged. Now and again the door-bell ringing makes her give a nervous start. Is it come again—that time of strained continuous listening? those twenty-one months, during which all her life-power seemed to have passed into her ears?

It is the hour when visitors may be with the most probability expected. But is there not also a probability that they may be sent away again? Sometimes, when harder worked or gloomier spirited than usual, she has bidden her servant deny her. Is it not but too possible that, seeing her close slavery to-day, that servant may take upon herself to conclude that such is her mistress's wish now also?

The idea throws her into a fever. She does not listen. She makes an unaccountable mistake. Again the bell

rings. Is it her fancy, or has this ring a different sound from the former ones? Is there in it a mixture of violence and timidity, as of a person who had had to screw up his courage to ring at all in the first instance, and had then overdone it?

She writes on mechanically, dully aware that her husband is rebuking her for the illegibility of her last words. Even if the moral blows he is giving her were physical ones, she would feel them none the more.

The door opens, and the servant enters, with a man's card upon a salver. She scarcely needs to glance at it to tell that it is his; but for a moment her pale lips cannot frame the question that has sprung to them: "Has he been sent away?"

"Is he gone?" she asks, stammering, taking the card, and, with a senseless, involuntary movement, hiding it in her hand.

"I told him that you were engaged, ma'am," replies the maid apologetically; "but he asked me to bring you this card. Shall I say that you are engaged, ma'am?"

The Professor looks up, cross at the interruption, to give a brief "Yes;" but his wife strikes athwart him.

"Show him in," she says, with precipitate decision. "Say that I will be down directly; tell Miss Churchill."

She takes up her quill again, as the servant leaves the room, but apparently her hand shakes to a degree that is beyond her control; for in a moment a great blot has defaced the printed page.

"Pray be careful!" cries her husband fretfully. "You have a hair in your pen."

"She throws it down, and takes another. The room in which they are sitting is over the drawing-room. Evidently *he* has been ushered in, and Sarah has joined him; for there is a murmur of voices. What are they saying? What are they likely to be saying?"

"You have spelt *allegorical* with one *l*!" says the Professor, in a voice of resentful wonder.

"Have I?" she answers, bewildered and inattentive. "And how many ought it to have?"

The voices have grown more distinctly audible. They have left the drawing-room; it is obvious that Sarah is taking him out into the garden—the pleasant, little, cool garden, with its blackbird and its broom-bush, and its bees. She draws a hot, long, envious breath at the thought.

"A child of five years old would have been ashamed to perpetrate so gross a blunder!" resumes he, taking the sheet from before her, and indignantly holding it up for reprobation.

She heaves a heavy, furious sigh, and a sombre light comes into her great, gloomy eyes. From the garden is heard a peal of laughter. Sarah is always laughing. It is well to be merry sometimes, but Sarah is too much of a buffoon.

"In errors so palpable, it is difficult not to see intention," continues he, exasperated by a silence that is so plainly not repentance—a silence which she still observes.

Another burst of laughter from the garden—not Sarah's this time; a man's wholesome, unfeigned mirth. *He*, too, can laugh, can he?

"I should really be disposed to recommend a return to the writing-master," says Mr. Forth, still ironically, regarding the blurred page.

For all answer, she rises to her feet, and throws her pen with violence down upon the floor.

"Your machine has broken down for to-day," she says, with a pale, rebellious smile. "Legible or illegible, writing-master or no writing-master, I will write not one word more to-day!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BENEATH THE WILLOWS.

I

BENEATH the willows stood my love,
And it was June;
And white beneath, and green above,
The little merry leaves did move
In rustling tune.

How fair she seemed, the while she dreamed,
And did not stir!
Around us hummed the drowsy bees;
Above us waved the willow trees;
Oh, blest we were!

"The willow trees are happy trees,"
My loved one said.
"And we will plant them round our home,"
I asked, "when the glad days are come?"
She bowed her head.

II

Again beneath the willows stood
My love and I;
And cold November swept the wood,
And shadowed with a dreamy mood
Were earth and sky.

A tiny grave lay at our feet—
Alas, how small!
And on its frozen bosom beat
The drifting willow leaves and sleet—
So sad a pall!

"Oh, mournful trees are willow trees!"
My loved one said.
And lower o'er the little grave
The drooping branches seemed to wave,
And shroud the dead.

JAMES BUCKHAM.





By ALBION W. TOURGÉE,

Author of "A Fool's Errand," etc.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE EFFECT OF A SIDE LIGHT.

Hilda rode out of the station unconscious of the direction she was taking—not knowing nor caring whither she went. She was going away hardly expecting ever to return. The cloud above her seemed impenetrable. She could not keep the touch of her old life. She must bury herself. This was her only refuge, not so much from the danger of enslavement as from the scath of scorn and debasement. She did not know where or how it could be done. She only knew that she must flee away from present peril. She must have opportunity to transform herself—to bury her identity—to begin a new existence.

It was a foolish notion, but Hilda did not know the world. She only knew what she wished to do, and like the father of whose name they sought to rob her, she counted not the obstacles. She looked out of the car window, saw the fields and woods fly past, in the weird winter moonlight. Surely she was safe. The desert of life would hide her. She did not hear the conductor when he came through the train, and, spying a new face, stopped at her seat and said:

"Ticket!"

She only saw the white, ghostly world without, flying by and standing sentinel between her and a dreaded fate.

"Ticket!" touching her shoulder lightly.

She started, turned and glanced up at him quickly, as if she thought he suspected her. She wondered if they could telegraph ahead and have her detained at the next station. She had heard of such things being done in case of criminals. She wondered if she would be considered a criminal because she was fleeing from the law.

"Ticket!" repeated the conductor, extending his hand.

"I—I forgot to get one," she said faintly. Then she caught nervously at her pocket-book and handed him a bill.

"Where to?" inquired the official, bending down an ear.

Where, indeed? She had no idea where she was going or which way the train was moving. She stammered, flushed, and was sure she was betraying herself.

"Straight through?"

She bowed her head. He had a roll of bills between every two fingers of his left hand for convenience in making change—ones, twos and fives, all separate. He

thrust the ten-dollar bill she had given him into his vest-pocket, gave her a two, a one, and some change, handed her a check for Boston, and went on. She was rather pleased with her destination. By-and-by the horror began to wear away. The danger from which she fled was momentarily receding. She began to feel more comfortable—almost bold. After a time she slept, but uneasily, and with frightful dreams. As the sun rose they came into Boston. The city was still asleep. The hoar frost was thick upon roof and spire, and the sunshine gilded every pinnacle. She took a carriage to the Revere. How bright and clean the crooked, rough-paved streets seemed to her. This was Boston—the seat of culture and the cradle of liberty. What a mockery it seemed to her. The blue smoke rose sharp and clear against the sky from thousands of happy homes, but she was a fugitive. Against a cloud to the northeastward she dimly saw the top of a gray column once. She guessed that it was the monument on Bunker Hill, and there flashed through her mind all that it commemorated. The city was very proud of that gray granite shaft. The commonwealth boasted itself the possessor of the blood-stained soil on which it stood. The nation pointed to it as a memento of the struggle that gave it birth. The world accounted it a pillar of liberty—the memorial shaft of a new civilization. Yet under its shadow she was a fugitive, fleeing from bondage and degradation.

"Revere House, ma'am!"

The driver opened the door, and stood waiting for his fee. A servant came and took her modest bag. She was ushered into the reception-room—narrow, stuffy, with furniture that seemed as if once it had been new. The servant placed her bag on the table, and asked if she would have a room. She turned to look out of the window upon the funny triangle that is called a square in Boston. The clerk came and inquired her name. She started, flushed and paled. Her name? What was it? What should she say?

The clerk waited. He thought he had startled her by his abruptness.

"I beg pardon, ma'am—what did you say was the name?"

"Oh, yes; my name, of course." She smiled, opened her portemonnaie, and seemed to be seeking for a card.

"Well, never mind. Louise Amis, Springfield."

"Miss?"

"Of course," with a smile.

"A-m-y?"

"No—A-m-i-s."

"Oh, yes—Amis. Any baggage?"

"Not now. I shall be here only a short time. Will you let me know the precise address of Miss Fanny Goodwin? It is somewhere on Rutland Square, but I have forgotten the number."

but another. She laid down upon the bed to think. She did not know that she was at all fatigued but hardly had her head touched the pillow when she fell asleep wondering even in her dreams how she could be an outcast in a city founded as a refuge and consecrated to liberty and equality.



PARTNERS.

"I'll do it, Captain!" said Kortright, sitting up and reaching out his hand.

[THE CONTINENT, Vol. II, No. 21, page 211.]

"An acquaintance?" asked the clerk carelessly.

"A school friend."

"Indeed!"

He started off. Just as he reached the door she called him back.

"How very stupid of me!" she said, "I suppose you want pay for your room in advance?"

"That is our rule where guests have no baggage," politely.

"I ought to have known; but I never traveled so far alone before," she said innocently and truthfully.

She took out her portemonnaie, carelessly showing it to be well lined with bills—thanks to Miss Hunniwell's foresight. She gave him twice as large as he asked. He went away, and the servant came and showed her to a room. Her first lesson in dissimulation was over. She was safe, and had time to breathe before taking another step. She read the morning paper. There was a brief notice of some excitement in Blankshire by reason of an alleged attempt at kidnapping. There were not more than ten lines, and only a vague allusion to herself. It seemed strange that what was of such importance to her should be of so little moment to the world. She ate her breakfast, went out and wandered about the narrow streets, bright and quiet, with the Sabbath hush upon them. She saw Faneuil Hall, the Common, the quaint old graveyard full of headstones whose names are an epitome of history. She wandered into a church. The notes of the organ soothed her. The accents of a grand old hymn whose echoes seemed burdened with greetings of good cheer from the brave hearts of the past strengthened and consoled her spirit. Then she returned to her room in the hotel with a dazed, unreal feeling, as if she were not herself

When she awoke the day was already declining. A boy was calling an "Extra." She looked out and saw the crowd buying with avidity. She opened the window and listened. "All about the kidnapping!" she heard him cry. She called a servant and procured a copy—a small, square sheet printed on one side only. Could it be that her flight was sufficient to stir the drowsy Sabbath quiet of the city? Had fate pursued her so quickly? Would not the world give her sanctuary in its great throbbing heart? Must she indeed flee into the wilderness? Sure enough, it was all there. The world had waked to the terror that haunted her life. She read it all—a whole column by telegraph, with staring head-lines, and another of editorial remarks. She read all about herself—some of it truth and some of it queer conjecture. Her father's life and death were commented on. Her position, supposed wealth, accomplishments and beauty were all stated. The description given was very accurate. She almost feared she might be recognized. Then she read—what was this? Amy, Mr. Amory, Martin! Wounds! Bloodshed! Great excitement! Talk of lynching! Jared Clarkson to arrive to-morrow!

Her head swam as she read, but she still read on to the end. Then she bathed her hot face, combed her hair, putting up the curls she had been accustomed to wear, and throwing it out upon each side by the use of puff-combs which she had never used before. She was Merwyn Hargrove's daughter still, she said to herself, and she would not flinch from anything that might impend. She surveyed herself in the glass, and smiled at her own apprehension as she read over again the concluding statement in regard to the events described: "It is believed that Miss Hargrove has fled to Canada

or is still hidden in the vicinity. Her complete disappearance is certainly a mystery."

When she went down to dinner her flushed cheeks and bright eyes enhanced her usual charms. More than one glance of admiration followed her as she was shown to a seat. The tables were full. Two gentlemen and a lady sat at the one with her. The gentlemen were reading the little "Extra" and discussing the news from Blankshire. A great many in the room seemed to be engaged in like manner. She heard some at a table back of her talking upon the same subject. At first she was frightened. Then she saw that every one was too absorbed in the event to suspect her of being one of the actors in it.

"This is horrible!" said the young man who sat opposite.

"It is a very aggravated case, as far as concerns the rank and station of the intended victim. Otherwise it is no worse than a hundred cases that have occurred under this infamous law." The speaker was a gray-bearded, grave-faced man who sat at the end of the table.

"Well, I am glad the girl got away, anyhow," said the young man.

"So am I," said the lady heartily.

Hilda felt her cheeks burn and tears come into her eyes. She wished they knew how grateful the fugitive was for their sympathy.

"And I am very sorry," said the grave elderly man in a soft, earnest tone.

Hilda started and turned a pale, frightened face toward him.

"I beg your pardon, young lady, I am not so cruel as you think me."

The color came back to her face, and she bent her head over her plate to hide her confusion.

"Yet I cannot but regret," he continued, "the escape of the kidnappers' intended prey. I know enslavement would have been unutterably sad to her, but it is only by such shining examples that the nation can be awakened to the enormity of slavery. What I say seems heartless, no doubt, but I verily believe that the application of this infamous law to just such a case as this would do more to arouse the land, to awaken conscience, to weaken slavery and promote the cause of liberty, than the return to bondage of a thousand men and women who have fled from oppression, and are at the best only toilers who have rebelled against an untoward fate. In this case it is different. We see one snatched from a home of luxury, from the most polished society, from friends and love, and sought to be thrust into nothingness. I admit that it would be terrible to her—death itself would be preferable—but I certainly believe that her sufferings would be worth ten thousand lives in the beneficent results that would flow therefrom. We mourn the virgin martyrs of the arena and the catacombs, but none the less we know that their blood was in truth the seed of the church, and thank God that it was shed. I meant the young lady no harm, but I wish the slave release from bondage. The loss of one life is as nothing to the evil that keeps a race in degradation."

Hilda gazed into the soft gray eyes, and seemed to feel a new light in her soul. As she listened to his words she forgot all feeling of apprehension for herself. She gazed at him in a fixed, absorbed manner, which he mistook for inquiry, and resumed, addressing himself unconsciously to her, while the others listened with respectful attention.

"You see," he said thoughtfully, "the world is ruled

by great examples. Influence is only the power of example; but if the example be petty the influence will be weak. Religion itself is but the force of the highest example. The power that thrills the life of eighteen centuries is not the word of God. The Logos of the Apostle was weak and vain until it was framed in the life of Jesus Christ. The cross and the crown of thorns gave vitality to Christian truth. Without the MAN Christ Jesus the written word would have been naught to us. The sacrifice of Virginia overthrew the tyrant. Jeanne d'Arc led and triumphed through the unfearing intensity of her devotion. Always it has been an example that has moved the world forward and overthrown evil. By-and-by slavery will demand a sacrifice—so notable, so cruel and so needless—that the whole land will be smitten with horror, and the institution will disappear in the blaze of public wrath. It is not abstract truth that moves men's hearts, but always the concrete. This young woman's father might have been a shining example, and his death would have done a vast injury to slavery, but no one seemed to understand just the cause of it. While he seems to have been bitterly opposed to slavery he was yet animated by a feeling of angry defiance, rather than of sacrificial offering up of himself for the good of another."

"I think he was animated by a sense of duty and of honor," said Hilda quietly.

"There can be no doubt of that," rejoined the stranger, in the same persuasive tones, and with the same clear light in his great gray eyes; "but a sense of duty may impel to acts which, although meritorious, are yet not impressive. I may eat my dinner from a sense of duty, but others will wait for an appetite before they follow my example. Honor, too, is apt to be tainted with selfishness, and it is only the example of self-sacrifice that lives and moves the world to noble deeds. This man—what was his name?"

"Hargrove," said Hilda absently.

"Yes, Hargrove, Merwyn Hargrove—I remember seeing him once a few years ago—was of the type that heroes are made of, but he was too self-bounded, too oblivious of the world outside of the tasks he seems to have set himself to accomplish, to make a good martyr. He perhaps released more slaves than any man living, and actually sacrificed more money to do it than any Northern philanthropist has ever thought of doing. He did his work thoroughly, too. He took the slaves to Hayti and purchased for them there a tract of land of which each had his due share in fee. He freed them, and provided for their safety and support. At the same time, he did this, not because of his love for the slave, nor even because of his hatred for slavery—though that was no doubt intense—but for some reason noble and chivalric enough perhaps, but applicable only to himself. He was a hero, but not a martyr."

"A hero but not a martyr," murmured Hilda. "You may be right."

"The distinction is a fair one," continued the stranger. "Moreover, the martyr will yet appear. The encroachments of slavery are daily coming home to our northern life. The blood that furnished martyrs under Bloody Mary runs in our veins, and the day is not far distant when the Martyr will appear. He will testify of the truth in such a way that all men will believe."

"I think I know the man," she said absently.

The stranger gazed at her a moment in silence, and then remarked slowly and solemnly:

"I also have seen one whom I have sometimes thought might bear testimony of the truth for us all. Whether one shall suffice, or shall only be a forerunner of

many whose blood must purge away our sin, God knoweth."

"Why do you say *our* sin?" asked the younger man.

"Because," replied the other, "it is ours. We make a grave mistake when we seek to cast the blame of slavery on the South. A cancer does not belong to the limb on which it appears, but to the whole body that suffers from the poison that it generates. We of the North are even more responsible for the evils of slavery than they of the South, because we perceive and admit them and they do not."

"But do they believe it right?"

"Unquestionably. They not only believe it right, but they believe it to be the only way in which the two races can co-exist upon this continent."

"But why should they attempt to get hold of this young lady in this manner? Her friends would no doubt have raised more money than she is worth as a slave."

"You forget that Hargrove was a very wealthy man.

rather glad to be recognized. Her fear seemed so petty and foolish. She blushed as she tried to fancy what her father would have thought of her cowardly flight. But he should have no more cause to blush for her. She felt the blood of the Hargroves coursing through her veins, and she would show the world that she was her father's daughter and worthy of his name, as he had said in his will. When the meal was over, she went to her room to think of the future in the new light the hour had cast upon it.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THAT NOTHING BE LOST.

SOME of the events that occurred in and about Bloomingdale during the week that followed the attempted abduction are worthy of record, though they may not seem directly to concern the chief characters of our story.



THE VINDICATION OF THE LAW.

"I will die," he said, in answer to the master's look of triumph, "but I will not be a slave."

(THE CONTINENT, Vol. II, No. 46, page 890.)

This is probably an attempt to induce her to release all claim on his estate."

"Indeed!" said the young man in surprise.

"I merely judge that from the fact you have mentioned; but if she is Hargrove's daughter, they have made a mistake."

"You knew him?"

"No, but I have heard Jared Clarkson speak of him more than once. He came of fighting stock, and if she has his blood they may have caught a tartar."

"I hope the Lord they have!" said the young man fervently.

"So do I," said the lady earnestly. "They might have waited till she was out of mourning for her father, anyhow."

This feminine view of the situation provoked a burst of laughter, in which Hilda could not help joining despite the sad thought it evoked.

Then the conversation drifted off into other channels. Hilda finished her meal without feeling any fear of detection. Indeed, she thought she would have felt

Beechwood Seminary was in a tumult after the enactment of a double tragedy at its very doors. The crimson drops along the hall and down the steps were cleansed without delay from the polished ash, but in a hundred tender hearts they were ineffaceably fixed. Not a slippered foot crossed where this line of horror had been without a thrill of fear. The broken ladder, the battle-ground beneath the window, the blood-stains in the steep wood-road, the recollection of the companion who had been ravished from their midst, just missing a bloody death; the mystery surrounding the fate of that other schoolmate, who had vanished out of their life and left no trace—these were too fertile themes for girlish imagining to permit the routine of task and recitation to go on from day to day with any profit. Indeed, the principal was soon convinced that it would be at the risk of very serious peril to the health of her pupils should they remain during the balance of the term. The nervous strain to which they had been exposed began almost immediately to show itself on some of the more susceptible of them. The conscien-

tious teacher did not hesitate an instant when the health of her pupils was set over against her own advantage. Within a week the shivering brood were scattered to their homes, and the tragedy of Beechwood was rehearsed over and over again at a hundred distant firesides by pale-faced narrators, who shuddered as they boastfully declared, "I was there, you know." There were none left at the seminary save a few scholars whose homes were most remote, two or three teachers, the slowly-recuperating invalid and his dusky nurse. For the first time in a quarter of a century the routine of Beechwood was broken up. In the midst of term-time its halls were silent. The vacation antedated the Christmas holidays that year by almost a month. To each of her patrons Miss Hunniwell forwarded a brief statement of the causes which led to this decision on her part, discounting the term-bills which she sent out in accordance with the abbreviation of the school-year resulting therefrom. In a vain attempt to hold what it deemed its own, Slavery had thrust its ghastliest shadow into a hundred households. Every family altar seemed violated by the invasion of Beechwood. The sanctuary of the vestal virgins had been invaded. The treasury wherein a hundred families had placed their most priceless jewels had been broken, and one had been reft thence by force. Many a mother shuddered as she pressed her loved one to her bosom, and thought that she might have been the victim. Many a father's look grew stern as he considered the danger his child had shared, and uttered to himself again the question which the prophet of the prairie had propounded to his countrymen, "All free or all slave?" Many a brother's heart was consecrated by the blood of one innocent beautiful victim to do knightly service against the monster that lived on human lives.

Upon the second day after the abduction Jared Clarkson arrived in the little village. The excitement, which was already intense, was greatly heightened by his presence. He seemed worn, depressed, disheartened. To the swarm of friends and co-workers in the cause of liberty, who crowded around him and hailed his coming with delight, his language and manner were most unsatisfactory. He had come solely upon private business, he said. Instead of gladly lending his presence and eloquence to give *éclat* to a demonstration intended to improve the occasion and deepen the anti-slavery sentiments of the community, he pleaded fatigue, headache and important and burdensome engagements. He finally compromised with the committee by agreeing to attend the meeting if not asked to speak. To this they readily assented—a compromise made only to be broken. The result was a speech so full of sorrow and despair that they who heard it wondered if they really were listening to that ever-jubilant prophet of victory whose optimism nothing had been able to daunt until that hour. They knew not that Jared Clarkson spoke with a burden of sorrow he had never known before—a burden to which he dared not refer lest some unguarded expression might enhance the woe of an innocent victim. He knew full well the curse that rested over the fugitive girl. To him all classes and conditions of men were alike. To him the Gospel message had come with the force and vitality it bore in that earlier time, when, in one day, it melted the chains of five thousand bondsmen of a noble Roman. Race or color were no disabling conditions of his favor. He knew that there were some like him—but, oh, so few! He well knew that if the One Divine should come to earth clad in the livery of a dusky skin, while there

were thousands, aye, millions, who would give Him charity—the dole of condescending pity—there were almost none who would or could make Him welcome in home and heart. He knew—none better than he—how the brand of color made its possessor an outcast in the land of his birth. He knew how it barred the way to rank and station and opportunity—how it paralyzed the hand of friendship and blighted the heart of love. He knew, too,—oh, the bitterness of that knowledge!—how his heart burned as it throbbed against the papers in his pocket—for he dared not part with them lest another should learn the fearful truth. He knew that, somewhere in the dark, cold night, somewhere in the cheerless, crowded, crushing world, Hilda, the child of luxury and love; Hilda, petted and beautiful and bright; Hilda, the daughter of the dead friend, who had trusted him with the cursed secret of her birth, in order that he might shield her from sorrow and harm; Hilda, his ward in Heaven's Chancery, was fleeing none knew whither or to what—refuge or death! No wonder that his voice faltered. Of all the slaves the earth had known there was but one that lived in his memory in that hour—the one for whose safety he was surety to a dead friend. No wonder his brain throbbed with agony! No wonder his heart was bursting with despair! The woe he was charged to mitigate it was beyond human power to assuage. Already it had borne fruit in the heart of its victim. The leper had fled into the wilderness, crying back with the agony of blighted hope and shattered love, "Unclean! Unclean!" Is it any wonder that he forgot slavery in pity for the one slave whose life was in his hands? The prophet of denunciation forgot to curse, and uttered only a wail of hopeless woe. The public were disappointed. His friends were disgusted. They had come for blood, and received instead only an oblation of tears!

Martin Kortright was disappointed also. He had waited, chafing like a caged hyena for two days, because a telegram from his father bade him wait until Jared Clarkson came. Already he had lost a day in the search to which his life must be given. He felt strong and confident. There were two things he would do. He would first disprove the lie. His Hilda—his love, his lily—he had no fear of stain upon her birth. He would trace her lineage. He would prove her purity. And, when that was done—ah! then he would find her, would give the record into her hand, and offer up his life for a kiss—a smile—aye, for the bare knowledge that she was no longer to be an outcast among men. He was not cast down. He did not *hope*—he was confident—he was sure. His only sorrow was that he did not know where Hilda was, so that he might assuage her grief. He was only anxious to begin his labors, that he might by a day, by an hour, hasten his triumph and shorten her woe. To him came Jared Clarkson at length, with his look of despair and the confirmation of the tale of horror. But love did not falter.

"It cannot be," said Martin. "There is some mistake. I shall unravel it."

Then he gave the lie to all his vows, and started off to seek, not the truth he boasted that he would discover, but the love he longed to comfort. He laughed at her behest that he should wait until she came. He would defy her will—so bold is love! He would overturn the world, he said—so strong is love! He would find her wheresoever she might hide—so sure is love! He would rest from his search only when he might fall into the grave—so true is fond young love!

Martin's incredulity as to Clarkson's conclusion was based first upon an invincible determination not to believe, and second upon the testimony of Jason whose story he had heard. To him he referred this trustee of a woeful secret, and sped away exultantly to Sturmhold to make such preparation as was needful for the search he had already begun—for mail and telegraph had already conveyed his messages of inquiry to every conceivable place where the fugitive could have sought shelter. Jared Clarkson heard the story and hoped. He visited the seminary and talked with Miss Hunniwell. He believed in woman's intuition, and her buoyant faith strengthened the hope he sought to cherish. He even tried to forget the damning testimony already in his possession. He was a man of business habits, however; prudent, sagacious, painstaking, though overcredulous when once he had accepted any hypothesis. He cross-examined Jason carefully:

"You remember when Hilda was born?"

"Perfectly, sah."

"It was in the West Indies?"

"At Kingston, sah."

"Do you know the name of the house at which they were stopping?"

"It was a private house, sah; a minister's. I stayed on the sloop, but went up to the house to see if anything was wanted nigh about every day."

"Did you see the child christened?"

"That I did, an' one of the man's daughters where they lived was its god-mammy, too. She did look powerful nice, all in white, with the little baby in her arms."

"Was the child healthy?"

"Powerful puny, sah; an' Miss Retta were poorly, too. After it was a few months old we took 'em both aboard the sloop, an' tried cruisin' roun' for a spell, but they couldn't stan' it nohow—not even to go roun' the island, you know. So we put back, an' Marse Merwyn an' me come to the States for a while to look after some of that pesky Mallerbank business, that hain't never been nothin' but trouble an' trouble, an' no good comin' out on 't. When we went back Miss Retta warn't no better, an' the doctors an' all hands persuaded her to leave the baby with Miss Rickson—that was the name of the family, sah—while she come back with Marse Merwyn."

"The child remained with Miss Rickson how long?"

"Wal, it must have been nigh onto two years—p'raps more. She hadn't been back so very long when Miss Retta died."

"Were you with Captain Hargrove when he brought his daughter away from Kingston?"

"He didn't bring her!"

"Who did?"

"Miss Rickson were on her way to England, you know, wid her folks, an' she brung de little lady on to New York. Leastways dat's what I heard."

"You did not see Miss Rickson when she brought the child on, then?"

"No, sah. The Captain went down a few days afore. I stayed at Sturmhold 'kase he was just packing off all de ole servants dat he 'd done set free an' settlin' ob 'em in de West, an' hirin' new ones. Dat was de time he brung Miss Lida back wid him."

"Who had the care of the child after it was brought to Sturmhold?"

"Wal, pretty much everybody. Bein' the only one she ruled the whole house; but, of course, Miss Lida was the nurse."

"Was she as fond of the child then as afterward?"

"Law, yes, sah; an' that jealous of Miss Retta she 'd

stan' an' glare at her while she was pettin' that chile like she war ready to eat her up."

"When did you first hear Alida claim that Hilda was her child?"

"Wal, it must have been a year or two after Miss Retta died."

"What did you say to her then?"

"Told her I 'd slap her mouf ef I ever heard her talkin' such a thing again—ef she did set up for a white woman."

"What did she say in reply?"

"Oh, nothin' at all. She's jes' a pore, no-'count, silly creetur', anyhow. Marse Merwyn was powerful put out that I 'd threatened to slap her mouf, an' told me I warn't never to pay no 'tention to anything she said."

"She had a child about Hilda's age, did she not?"

"There was some few months difference atwixt 'em. I don't mind which was the oldest now."

"Did Alida's child resemble Hilda?"

"Well, it did have dark eyes an' hair, but not such eyes and hair as our Hilda—not by any manner of means."

"Now, Jason, tell us honestly, what became of Alida's daughter?"

"Lida's gal! Lida's gal!" exclaimed Jason, springing from his chair. "I hain't got no right to tell you anything 'bout her, Marse Clarkson. I knows yer don't mean no harm, but I promised Marse Merwyn I wouldn't never mention the lightest word 'bout that gal 'cept I had his written orders ter do so, or Miss Hilda axed me wid her own sweet mouf after he war dead. An' I can't break no promise ter Marse Merwyn, nohow."

"Well," said Clarkson, "I have here his written appeal to you to enlighten me upon this point." He drew forth Hargrove's letter and read the passage referring to Jason.

"Dat ain't givin' me no leave," said Jason, skeptically.

"It says I can tell, but don't once say I shall tell."

"Jason," said Clarkson solemnly, "Captain Hargrove left a parcel with me which he said would inform me of the identity of the daughter of George and Alida Eighmie."

"Then you don't need to ax Jason," said the man shrewdly.

"The information is not direct, but yet it is entirely conclusive to my mind. The package contained only the bills for Hilda's tuition here at Beechwood."

"That's queer!" said Jason, with a puzzled look.

"In other words, your old master says to me this paper will tell you who is Alida's child, and hands me one of Miss Hunniwell's bills for Hilda's board and tuition. What do you say to that?"

"Wal, Marse Clarkson, 'tain't my place to say nothin' 'bout it, 'cept I has Marse Merwyn's orders, an' I ain't a-go'in' to, nuther; but ef I *should* say anything," he added slyly, "I 'd say that 'cordin' ter my notion, there 'd been a mistake somewhere or somewhere else."

"And you refuse to tell me what you know?"

"Unless yer has Marse Merwyn's orders."

"Then I must follow the light I have and regard Hilda as the daughter of Alida."

"Pears like yer all mighty anxious to make a nigger outen the pore gal," said the old servant sullenly. "But Jason's had his orders, an' he ain't a-go'in' ter break 'em fer no man's foolishness, dat he ain't."

This conversation had the effect to confirm Clarkson in his previous belief, and to cause the teacher to appeal anew to God for a solution of the mystery.

The wound which Amy Hargrove had received proved

to be less serious than at first supposed. The shot had glanced around, instead of passing through a vital part. Upon the second day the doctor was able to announce that the hurt was not a serious one. Eighmie and Marsden were thereupon released on bail, so heavy, however, that they were compelled to remain in the village in order to satisfy the apprehensions of their bondsmen. The injured girl was at first the object of unbounded sympathy; but her conduct was not altogether what those who came to condole with her expected. Some very uncharitably declared that she was rather proud than otherwise of her part in this midnight adventure. She had no word of blame for the men who had been guilty of lawless violence, or of the institution at whose doors all seemed anxious to lay the blame for her suffering.

"It was all a mistake," she said in a quiet, matter-of-course tone. "They are gentlemen and did not intend me any harm. They would have brought me back as soon as they found I was not the slave they were seeking."

Indeed, she seemed to blame only two people for the harm that had befallen her, Hilda and Mr. Amory. Of the former she would say nothing. No expression of sympathy for the unfortunate girl, nor any burst of indignation against her intended captors could elicit a word of regret or disapproval from the quiet figure that occupied the bed in the dimly-lighted guest-chamber of the parsonage. Those who watched her at such times could only note that the little weazened face grew a trifle whiter and harder in its outlines; the narrow brow contracted and the black eyes rolled from side to side under the half-shut lids with suppressed excitement. Of the minister she only said that he no doubt meant well enough, but his interference at that particular time was very unfortunate for her. The message which the doctor brought from Eighmie gave her evident pleasure, and she insisted on being given a pencil and a sheet of paper that she might reply. The doctor protested angrily, but she had her way, and wrote:

"SIR: I am by no means sure that I am not more in fault than you. Of course, you would never have made the attempt but for the information I gave. In doing what I did I had no thought that you would try to obtain possession of the impostor from whose pretensions I had been an especial sufferer by such means. I was angry at the fraud practiced upon me and others, and intended simply to notify you that the girl you sought was still in the house. I am sorry, on many accounts, that I did so, but beg to assure you that I entertain no unkindly feeling toward you because of the result.

"Respectfully, AMY HARGROVE."

The grim old doctor carried the missive to the man to whom it was addressed, after having perused it carefully, who inquired in astonishment:

"Who is this young lady?"

"One of your own sort, I suppose," answered the blunt physician. "She comes from the South, is an heiress, and probably sympathizes with you in your disappointment."

"She is a lady, anyhow," responded Eighmie with severe emphasis; "and anything that I can do to compensate her for the injury I shall cheerfully do."

After the first day Amy was undisturbed by visits of condolence. Miss Hunniwell came once or twice, but she was a poor dissembler, and knew enough of Amy's treachery to her friend to feel a profound disgust for her which if not expressed could hardly be said to be concealed. She was kindly cared for by the minister's household; a few formal inquiries were made each day,

but by some means or other the idea had gotten out that if not actually concerned in the plot to abduct Hilda she was by no means averse to its success.

For herself, she asked no questions. If she noted the unfriendly coolness that came to pervade the manner of all who approached her, she made no sign. She obeyed the instructions of the physician to the letter—remained absolutely quiet, avoided all conversation, and before the excitement attending her injury had subsided was pronounced able to be removed to the seminary. Then, for the first time since her injury, she burst into tears, and begged to be allowed to remain for a few days longer. She gave no reason, nor was any asked. Her distress was too apparent not to awaken the sympathy of the good parson and his wife. Their hearts were touched by her grief, and they not only assented to her wish, but sought to make the days of her convalescence as pleasant as they could. As soon as she was able she wrote a letter, to which she began to inquire for an answer almost before it had been mailed.

The people of Bloomingdale and its vicinity felt a certain proprietary interest in the attempted abduction. The town had in no way been celebrated above its neighbors thitherto. Its people had been good and bad, rich and poor, notable and insignificant, in the due proportion of the average New England village. One murder away back in the time of Shay's war had made the whole region where the house had stood more famous than the muster of the rebels. It was only a vulgar murder of the meanest sort, however. There had been a fair average of suicides and accidents, some big fires and a "pretty sizeable" dam-breaking, but nothing to compare with this affair at Beechwood in the elements of a first-class sensation. In less than forty-eight hours after it became known every inhabitant of Bloomingdale felt that it was an honor to dwell in a town that was the scene of such a tragedy. Every man, woman and child had seen all that was visible, heard all that could be found out, guessed until their powers of invention were exhausted, and waited in dignified and expectant silence for what the morrow would bring forth. But the morrow was wretchedly barren. So was the next day and the next, until the people began to murmur. Before the week was ended, public indignation could no longer be restrained. Not only the people but the local press declared that the course which had been pursued by all those who might reasonably be supposed to have any knowledge of the affair had been most extraordinary.

In all that had occurred since the commission of the crime, it was universally declared that the public had been treated very shabbily. There had been a reserve, almost a mystery, attaching to the actors in the tragedy which was regarded as nothing less than an attempt to defraud it of prescriptive rights. A thousand questions had been left unanswered, and the most persistent inquiry in every quarter had failed to throw light upon them.

It was high time, everybody felt, that such persons should understand that the public had some privileges which they were bound to respect. A crime was a matter in regard to which the people had a right to be informed. The officers of justice were but the servants of the people. Jared Clarkson should remember that fame was inconsistent with secrecy. As a public character he was bound to render an account of what he did and what he knew to those whose approval made him famous. So, too, with a minister of the Gospel. There should be no mystery in his life. A

doctor should remember also that the suspicion of complicity with crime was a debasement of his profession. The public clamored for knowledge, and all were warned that those who stood in the path of its desire would find that they were standing in their own light also. Each and all of those having any knowledge of the crime or the parties thereto were exhorted to enlighten the public in regard to it, under penalty of its displeasure. These were some of the questions to which categorical answers were demanded day by day but not vouchsafed:

- "What had become of Hilda?"
- "Who shot Amy?"
- "Who was it that came so near killing Barnes?"
- "Why had Martin Kortright left as suddenly as he had come?"
- "What interest had Jared Clarkson in the matter?"
- "Why should he be closeted with Sherwood Eighmie for hours at a time?"
- "What had he in common with the slave-hunter?"
- "Why did the prosecution of these notorious offenders lag?"
- "Why had the prosecuting attorney been more than once in private consultation with Clarkson and Eighmie?"
- "What were the documents drawn up between Clarkson and Eighmie, witnessed by the State's Attorney, and acknowledged before a notary?"
- "Had Jared Clarkson bought up the unholy claim of another slave-owner to his chattel?"
- "Was the peace of individuals to be purchased at a sacrifice of public justice?"
- "Did a crack-brained philanthropist propose to cure the evils of slavery by constantly interfering to protect its emissaries from the penalty of violated law?"
- "Why did not the Doctor tell what he knew?"
- "Was Miss Hunniwell a party to the conspiracy to defeat the ends of justice?"
- "Why was Gilbert Amory so strangely silent, and how did he chance to be driving on the unused road in the rear of the seminary that night?"

These and very many other questions were asked by press and people, far and near, and a myriad of guesses were hazarded by the gossips in reply to each; yet none the less did the public feel itself aggrieved, and all the more busily did it seek to penetrate the mystery that hung about the strange events.

Jared Clarkson had made up his mind as to the duty that lay before him even before his arrival. Painful to any one, it was especially repulsive to him. He knew that in a free government there were but two remedies for bad laws—their strict enforcement or absolute defiance. He hated all that smacked of slavery, or rather he abhorred it with a vehemence that made simple hatred pale. Wrath and disgust swept through his heart like a whirlwind whenever he thought of this Minotaur, for whom a labyrinth had been builded in the fairest portion of our land. He hated the worship of this beast of blood only less than he pitied the victims. He knew that he would be blamed for what he proposed to do, but he had never shrunk from duty because of public clamor. The reprehension of friends and foes had been alike insufficient to deter him from the path his conscience had marked out. But even if he had been the veriest coward that ever shrank from disapproval, he could not then have hesitated. Had not Merwyn Hargrove committed to his charge the trust in which he himself had been faithful unto death? He could not shrink while the picture Jason had painted of that last moment was

yet fresh in his memory. His exemplar was sleeping under the shadow of the water-oak by the Mallowbank landing in an unmarked grave. He was calling to his representative to do even as he would have done under like circumstances. What would he have done? That Jared Clarkson determined to do, whatever the risk of blame! What would he do—Merwyn Hargrove—were he then and there present? It needed not much study to decide. So thought the sorrowful heritor of his wretched secret.

The public rumor was not without foundation. Sherwood Eighmie and his counsel had conferred with Jared Clarkson and the State's Attorney. There had been much skillful fencing, and the diplomacy of the profession had been exhausted upon each side, in the attempt to learn what hand the other held without disclosing their own. This was continued for a long time in vain. At length subterfuge was apparently thrown aside, and Eighmie's counsel made specific answer to Clarkson's oft-repeated question:

"What reason have you for believing that Hilda Hargrove was the daughter of your intestate?"

The answer was:

- 1—There was no evidence of the birth of a daughter to Captain Hargrove and his wife. Kingston had been ransacked for evidence of the birth and christening in vain.
- 2—The introduction of Hilda to the household at Sturmhold was exactly contemporaneous with the disappearance of Heloise Eighmie.
- 3—Hilda had always claimed her as her own child.
- 4—The former servants, except Jason, were discharged, and he was a party to the substitution.
- 5—Hargrove well knew of Hilda's claim upon the child, and never denied it.
- 6—In a letter written by himself to Jared Clarkson, which was found upon his person after death, Captain Hargrove had stated the fact that he desired his executors to expend all that might be derived from the estate of George Eighmie, or so much thereof as might be required, in discovering and freeing Hugh Eighmie, and that the balance of said estate, together with a sum equal to what had been expended in rearing the daughter of George and Alida, in all respects as if she had been his own child, including her expenses at Beechwood Seminary, "where she now is," should be paid to the said Hugh Eighmie in some manner so as to conceal from him all knowledge of the source from whence it came. "As to the daughter," the writer remarked, "she is already amply provided for by the operation of my will."
- 7—The will thus distinctly alluded to contained no name or reference to any one except the executors appointed thereby and "Hilda Hargrove, a daughter, who has never failed in duty or affection, to whom I leave my whole estate, well knowing that she will honor my name and memory by wise use thereof."

And now, said Eighmie's counsel, not without evident apprehension:

"What do you rely upon to rebut this chain of circumstances?"

Jared Clarkson responded with equal frankness:

"The presumption of legitimacy, and the open, constant and unmistakable acknowledgment of the father."

"And nothing more?" asked the counsel, with ill-concealed anxiety.

"That is enough," responded Clarkson evasively.

Neither party underestimated the strength of the other. Eighmie was fettered by the fact of crime committed. Clarkson was weighed down by fear of the truth. Neither party dared defy the other.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HOUSEHOLD—NURSERY GOVERNMENT.

A WISE old lady, sitting beside my nursery fire, with a benevolent eye upon a very new baby, in a very new cradle, once said to me: "Exact prompt obedience and punish for disobedience, but avoid raising an issue in which your child's will is pitted against your own."

This advice, although given from the serene heights of experience to the equally serene depths of inexperience, was not lost; and as, one after another, the bristling theories of cradle days were cast off with the baby's outgrown dresses, its value became apparent.

To a conscientious young mother, ardent and alert under her new sense of responsibility, it seems fairly puerile to "avoid an issue." She feels herself summoned, as by trumpet call, to instant battle with each invading fault; and so she is, but there are ways and ways.

The question here is not whether to secure obedience, but whether obedience may not be secured without those prolonged and distressing struggles between parent and child, in which a child often discovers his power to defy and "hold out" against his parents.

I think it safe to assume that a well child is usually a happy child, and that a happy child naturally inclines to cheerful acquiescence; it is, therefore, probable that in the majority of cases disobedience occurs during periods of petulance and irritability caused by some physical disturbance, perhaps unsuspected by the parent, and never comprehended by the child. Hence it is in his moments of physical unbalance that he manifests his worst traits and seems to need the sharpest discipline; yet a prolonged contest of will at such a time exhausts his strength and lowers his vitality.

Let me illustrate the working of the two principles—of raising an issue and avoiding an issue.

We will suppose your child of three years to have been kept in the house by bad weather until he is quite restless and irritable, and you welcome the first bright afternoon as a great relief; a romp in the fresh air is all he needs to recover his serenity. "Now, pick up your blocks, Dick," you say, "and you may go out to play." At the moment he chances not to be on amiable terms with his blocks; they have failed him in a critical architectural moment, and, with a scowl and a kick, he disdains to pick them up. "Oh, but you must!" you say. He demurs; you make your command even more imperative; he flatly refuses. Now, if you say, "You cannot go out to play until you have picked up your blocks," you have raised an issue. It may be the threat will prove effectual, and he will hasten to pick up the blocks for the sake of going out, and no harm may be done. But, if he is naturally obstinate, and if he is very cross at the moment, you may suddenly find yourself in the thick of a very stubborn and inopportune fight. It cuts you to the heart to spend the precious hours of sunshine thus; you look at his flushed face and swollen eyelids and know that ten minutes in the fresh air would sweeten his temper and smooth all difficulties; but you have committed yourself; you have raised an issue; he has met you squarely upon it; his obstinacy is aroused; you cannot retract; his will is pitted against yours, and you must not yield an inch now. So, wearily and heart-sick, you fight it out. The stout little heart is not so stout as your hand, and the wee man must succumb sooner or later to superior strength; and, by-and-by, when it is too late to go out to play, the blocks are fearfully picked up, and you rock your vanquished baby in your arms. He clings to you and kisses you be-

tween long sobs, and finally falls asleep with a hot cheek on your shoulder. But see the dark circles under his eyes, and listen to the pathetic catch in his sleeping breath. You have conquered, but it seems a pitiful victory to you.

Professor Bain says, somewhere in his little book on "Mind and Body," that every pleasurable emotion increases vitality, and every painful emotion decreases it. In proportion to his strength, what a drain upon the child's vitality this long struggle has been! But how could this scene have been avoided? By not accompanying your command with a threat which at once handicapped you and gave the child a point of resistance. As soon as you had said that he could not go out until his blocks were picked up, you lost the opportunity to adjust yourself to circumstances, and were dependent wholly upon superior endurance, and the infliction of punishment for your victory. All consideration for the child's health must be secondary to the carrying of your point when it is once made. The most painful experiences with a child are often the most unexpected—a whirlwind on a calm day—and unless it is a principle with the mother to keep herself mistress of the situation, untrammelled by definite threats, she will sometimes be sorely perplexed.

In this case, if the child refused to pick up his blocks, you might have warned him of danger ahead; and upon continued refusal, you might have descended upon him with swift punishment, and then hurried him out of doors to frolic with the other children before the last tear-drop was dry on his cheek. The whole affair would not have taken ten minutes, yet he would carry away in his small heart a great respect for an authority that tolerated no revolt and carried such quick retribution. When he came in, rosy and merry, at sundown, he would be none the worse physically for the episode of the blocks, but would have learned the cost of disobedience in a way not easy to forget.

With varying ages and temperaments modifications of this principle are of course necessary; but even with the vigorous, willful, older child, who disobeys from sheer naughtiness, is it not better to avoid a contest which may strengthen his will and obstinacy? If you say to such a child: "You shall not have your breakfast until you do so and so," you rouse his combativeness, and he may go without his dinner and supper as well rather than yield. We have all heard harrowing tales of the voluntary starvation and imprisonment of obstinate children. In such cases, if the parent had said: "I told you to do so and you have disobeyed; now you must lose your breakfast or stay in your room all day," the punishment would have been the same, but shorn of all the glory of successful rebellion. The pride of "holding out" would be lost—he would be simply a culprit doing penance. No palpitating mother would listen at the door for the first signal of submission. The end would no longer be sensational, with tears, repentance and forgiveness; the whole thing would have fallen flat, and be too tame for repetition.

It is difficult to lay down a rule without its seeming too sweeping. This may not be adapted to all children, or to any one child under all circumstances. I know some exceptions myself—so many, indeed, that I think it must be a very good rule. It seems to me such a serious matter, both physically and morally, for many children to have prolonged will-contests with parents, that I want to show how a mother may, in most instances, make her authority respected without raising such a contest.

MARY H. BURTON.



A Bit of Political Gossip.

Now that Thurlow Weed is gone, many stories are told in illustration of his great political sagacity, some of which will cause surprise to those who have been familiar with political facts without having known a great deal of the causes which brought them about. Such a story—the author being solely responsible for the verity of the statements—we give herewith:

From the time when Thurlow Weed first took an active part in political affairs—as far back as 1824—until shortly before his death, a little while ago, he was personally concerned in most of the great political movements of the country; and in his party, especially in New York State, his was oftenest the mind that planned, and his the hand that did the most effective execution. He had a wonderful knowledge of mankind, and was possessed of a most remarkable memory. His discernment of character was quick and keen; he measured men as he measured words.

The early life of the man was such as was calculated to develop in him the characteristics which later enabled him to stand above his fellow-men. In his youth he was the sport of adverse circumstances, and only by the most strenuous, unremitting exertions was he able to rise above them. But he had the mind to rise, and when he had risen he was the stronger for having struggled. He began life as a cabin-boy on a river boat, and while still a mere lad he left that occupation to enter a printing office. In course of time he became an editor; then entered politics, and soon became a recognized leader. He was one of the founders of the old Whigs, and afterward, for many years, was one of the mainstays of the present Republican party. Presidents, Senators, Governors and many lesser officials have found their way to office through him, and more than one Presidential Cabinet was formed according to his suggestion. He sought no official position for himself, but gloried in being the power behind the throne. His advice was sought after by men in the highest official positions. He gave it willingly, and often have his suggestions almost completely changed the political kaleidoscope. It would be foolish to assert that Thurlow Weed made no mistakes in his lifetime; he did make mistakes; his judgment was not by any means infallible; yet, as the world goes, he was wise, far-sighted, prudent, far beyond the average of mankind. The following story he told the writer about three weeks before he died, and it is given almost in his own words:

"During the summer of 1866, both of the political parties were already casting about rather anxiously for a suitable Presidential candidate for the next campaign. The Democrats were very much in earnest that year, and had pretty strong hope of being able to elect their next candidate, since the Johnson administration was turning out so badly. The Democratic party at that time was under the management of Dean Richmond, an exceedingly wise, honest, judicious man, who had never aspired for office himself, and who had the confidence of his whole party. Richmond was a man I really very greatly admired. Another good man, Peter Caggar, was at that time secretary of the Democratic State Committee.

"I was in Albany then, and one day I called at Caggar's

office there to see him about some business matter. As I entered the room I saw Richmond, Caggar, Erastus Corning and one or two other gentlemen seated closely around a table, and overheard the words: '*Yes, Grant is undoubtedly the man; if we—*' and then the speaker saw me and suddenly turned the conversation upon some commonplace topic.

"From this and the confusion expressed upon the faces of the men I saw at once that I had interrupted a private conversation. A few moments later, having accomplished my errand, I left the office, and then the words I had heard came back to my mind. It flashed across me almost immediately that these men had been discussing General Grant as a possible *Democratic candidate for the Presidency!*

"At that time General Grant was committed to no political party, but it was known that he had been a Democrat before the war, and it was a not unreasonable presumption that he was still a Democrat. I realized in a moment that if the Democrats should nominate General Grant, and he should accept the nomination, they would undoubtedly elect their candidate, for the general was then probably the most popular man in the country, and could be elected no matter whose candidate he might be. As I thought the matter over I was impressed more and more strongly that the Democrats had this end in view.

"Not long after this I met Erastus Corning on the street. Mr. Corning was evidently feeling very well satisfied about something. He said to me:

"Well, Weed, what are your people going to do for a Presidential candidate next time?"

"Oh, I do not know yet what we shall do. There is plenty of time for attending to that, and the Republican party does not lack eligible men," I answered.

"Well," said Corning, 'you had better put on the strongest man you have, or we shall beat you pretty badly—in fact, I think we shall do that at any rate.'

"Then I felt moderately confident that the Democrats had decided upon nominating General Grant as their candidate; but if any doubt of this lingered in my mind it was effectually dispelled, an hour later, by a few moments' conversation I had with Dean Richmond. After some talk upon general matters, I said to him:

"Corning tells me you expect to bring out a pretty strong candidate for the Presidency some of these days, and that you actually expect to elect him."

"Did Corning tell you who it was?" asked Richmond, rather anxiously, with a disturbed expression.

"No; only he said that you had decided upon a very strong man."

"Oh, well," responded Richmond, 'Corning talks too much—altogether too much, and he doesn't know what he is talking about half the time!'

"That completely satisfied me; and then I began to consider if we could not do something to head off this contemplated movement of the Democrats. I felt pretty sure that Richmond and his friends had very lately conceived this idea of nominating General Grant, and had not likely gone so far as to send him any communication upon the subject. It then occurred to me that if the Republicans could see General Grant first we might effectually beat

the Democrats in this particular scheme. With that end in view, I took the first train for New York, arriving in the city late in the afternoon. As soon as possible I saw Abram Wakeman, Sheridan Shook, Thomas Murphy, James Kelly, Owen W. Brennan, William A. Darling, Hugh Gardner, Dr. Van Wyck, and some more of my staunch Republican friends—all representative men in the party—and we met together, organized and held a meeting that same evening at the Astor House, in old Room No. 11, where so many political movements were planned in those days. At this meeting I explained what I had heard, and suggested that we might capture the General for our own ticket by a flank movement, as it were—by seeing him at once, asking him if he would accept the nomination from the Republican party if tendered, and then, in case we received a satisfactory answer—as I had no doubt we should if we were in time—we might publish the General's reply, committing him to us, and thus prevent the Democrats from approaching him at all upon the subject.

"The meeting was unanimously in favor of this, and I was delegated to visit General Grant 'at once.' The afternoon papers of that day had chronicled the General's arrival at Long Branch, so I hurried down to the Branch that same evening. The next morning I met the General in front of the hotel when he came out to take an early walk. I asked him to postpone his walk for a while, and come to my room, as I had something very important to communicate. The General went with me, and then I told him that I had come down to obtain an expression of his willingness to become the Republican candidate for the Presidency of the United States. I told him of our meeting held the night before, without, however, referring to its hasty organization, but allowing him to infer that we had had him in our minds as a prospective candidate for a long time. I told him that I felt I could assure him the nomination in the convention to be held in 1868, and that the nomination would be equivalent to an election.

"'You,' said I, 'will have nothing whatever to do in the matter beyond consenting to become our candidate. You have done your work for us in the war—now we will do our work for you in the coming campaign.'

"That afternoon Thomas Murphy (afterward appointed by President Grant Collector for the Port of New York) came down with a full account of the proceedings of our meeting, and an 'official' message from the committee. General Grant seemed very much pleased with our action, and formally consented to become a candidate for the nomination at the hands of the Republican party. So our mission was accomplished. The next morning the report that General Grant had committed himself to the Republicans spread consternation in the minds of the Democrats, who had already come to regard the General as their own future candidate. The hope that they had placed in 'a strong man' was now completely turned against them.

"Some time after this I met Richmond, and he confessed to me that the Democrats had been outwitted and their thunder had been stolen almost at the last moment, for he had no doubt but that, in three or four days more, Grant would have been pledged as a prospective Democratic candidate.

"The rest is history—how, in the Republican National Convention held in Chicago, in 1868, Grant was unanimously nominated upon the first ballot, there being no opposition whatever. And from that time the Republican party has been in power, as the result, in the first place, of our having beaten the Democrats in securing the consent of General Grant to accept the nomination."

Mr. Weed told the story with the enjoyment of an old soldier relating the incidents of a raid within the enemy's lines. The manner is lacking, but the actual words are closely preserved.

CHARLES M. KURTZ.

THE sketch of the late Alexander H. Stephens, published herewith, is in a sense autobiographical, since its author was in frequent consultation with Mr. Stephens until a few days before his death, regarding the notes and data whose substance is embodied in the present paper. Mr. Cleveland says in a letter: "One day I told him the article for Judge Tourgée was ready, and he said he would gladly write his autograph for it;" which was accordingly done, with the intention of having it reproduced in facsimile to accompany an engraved portrait. Mr. Stephens' not unexpected, though actually sudden, death necessitated a farther revision of the manuscript, and called for the addition of many facts not heretofore published. Mr. Cleveland was selected by Mr. Stephens as his biographer, and will shortly, we understand, bring out a biographical volume. It will interest our readers to know that it is largely through Mr. Stephens' influence that the State of Georgia gives eight thousand dollars annually to the Atlanta University, and a like sum to the State University at Athens. The first-named of these institutions is devoted to the education of negroes, and it is certainly a significant fact that the ex-Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy should so have interested himself in the cause of this recently-emancipated race. He was, however, always far ahead of the mass of his constituents in broad humanitarian views, and early recognized the importance to the state of educating the ignorant classes, white as well as black. We may mention another significant fact in this connection: The author of the present sketch was a colonel in the Confederate service. He is now a clergyman, and preaches every Sunday to a mixed audience of white and black factory operatives near Atlanta.

* * *

ONE often hears it said of an attractive young woman, "She has nothing to do but take her choice," or words to that effect, meaning that she can have any man of her acquaintance for a husband if she wishes to marry. But is this true? Evidently not under existing social codes. She may, indeed, refuse one after another of her admirers until she has gone through nine-tenths of the entire list of available men, but he whom she wants may not choose to offer himself. He may be too bashful, or he may be disheartened by the ill success of his fellows, or, for that matter he may be indifferent. This, however, does not alter the case as regards the lady. She has nothing to do with making the selection except in a negative way. She may refuse what she does not want, but she can only accept what is offered. She may see the man whom her heart tells her she ought to marry, standing afar off, hardly daring to worship silently and at a distance; yet she dare not sacrifice her maidenly reserve by going frankly to him and telling him that she loves him. Of course there are very strong reasons why she should not make such a venture with masculine human nature in its present unregenerate condition; but let it not be said that she may take her choice, when, in fact, she is not at liberty to do anything of the kind. A woman who has a dozen offers in the course of her life, may felicitate herself on having received an unusually large number, but it is a limited number. Her brother, on the contrary, literally has the feminine world to choose from—or to try to choose from. He may be refused, but at least he may ask the woman of his choice if she will have him. Perhaps this same brother is a worthless brute—he may even be a dude—yet he can, without violating the laws of social propriety, ask the loveliest of her sex to become his wife. Sometimes, alas! she consents—such is the mysterious nature of womankind—and no doubt she might make mistakes even if she were free to make proposals herself. That the question has arisen as to the wisdom of such a practically iron rule as now obtains, is evident from the traditional, if wholly visionary, prerogatives of "leap year," and from the occasional introduction by popular writers of a feminine "proposal" on the part of some heroine in modern fiction. It is

not at all likely that any sweeping revolution will take place in this regard, and indeed there are few judicious minds which would advise it; yet it may be that the Anglo-Saxon way is not beyond peradventure the best way. Marriages are effected in many lands, and among highly civilized people, by the mediation of third parties. Shall we say that they are altogether wrong because their way is not our way? There is a comical, yet not entirely improbable turn of events that is suggested by the appearance recently upon the social stage of the class of young men, already referred to in these pages, whose demeanor is marked by a studied elegance, and, if we may say so, by a lady-like deportment, which is certainly an outgrowth of modern social tendencies, and may be the shadow of coming events. The generations that have gone favored a retiring disposition in well-bred women, which has at the present time been largely modified by a thousand influences. The American girl of to-day has far more to do with the management of social affairs than had her mother and her grandmother. There has unquestionably grown up of late years a class of daring, high-spirited, self-reliant girls, with audacity enough for any possible achievement. Can it be—the suggestion is made with bated breath—that nature will preserve the social equilibrium by evolving a class of young men whose sweet, retiring shyness of manner shall prove attractive to the bolder spirits of the opposite sex? Nature is very apt to afford compensations. Why may she not preserve the balance in this, as in other really less important relations, replacing the partly eliminated element of traditional gentleness in woman by a masculine substitute equally charming in its way. To the dashing girl graduates of 1944, or thereabout, the dude of the period may prove irresistibly fascinating. Great reforms move slowly, and it is more than probable that most of those who are now living will “rest ’neath the daisies” before woman’s right of choice in the matter of husbands becomes an actual fact instead of a glittering generality.

WINCKLEMANN for many years represented the deepest and truest researches into ancient art, and those who went beyond mere smattering found that in his work, added to that of Lübke and Kugler, lay the only real sources of information. But exhaustively as Wincklemann had labored—and he was the first one to apply the historic method to the study of the fine arts—he was hampered by the limitations of the time in which he lived; and his bulky volumes, valuable as they must always remain, are not precisely what is needed by the general student. A more condensed account—“a history of the fine arts that should state correctly what is known concerning their works, and should treat their various manifestations with intelligence and in just proportion”—was required by the student; and this has been given in the present volume,¹ which appeared in Germany in 1871. The many discoveries of the past ten years have altered the bearing of many statements made, and thus a thorough revision became necessary, in which both author and translator co-operated. The result is one of the most careful and scholarly records ever made, and no better manual could be placed in the hands of the advanced student. Professor Charles Eliot Norton, one of our best authorities in this direction, in the preface gives full credit to Wincklemann as the first one who secured “to the fine arts their due place in the history of mankind as the chief record of various stages of civilization, and as the most trustworthy expression of the faith, the sentiments and the emotions of past ages, and often even of their institutions and modes of life. The recognition of the significance of the

fine arts in these respects is, indeed, as yet but partial, and the historical study of art does not hold the place in the scheme of liberal education which it is certain before long to attain. One reason of this fact lies in the circumstance that few of the general historical treatises on the fine arts that have been produced during the last fifty years have been works of sufficient learning or judgment to give them authority as satisfactory sources of instruction. Errors of statement and vague speculations have abounded in them. The subject, moreover, has been confused, especially in Germany, by the intrusion of metaphysics into its domain, in the guise of a professed but spurious science of esthetics.”

These same esthetics have done much to confuse all real knowledge, and no better corrective can be asked than the simple and straightforward story Dr. Von Reber tells. The first third of the volume is given to Egypt with her monuments and sculptures, and to Chaldea, Assyria, Persia and Asia Minor in general; the remainder being occupied by Greece and Rome, the story of the latter being simply that of such development as came under Grecian influence. The translation is an easy and graceful one; the illustrations are carefully printed, and the book a most valuable and attractive addition to the literature of art.

EXACTLY why various critics have announced this recent number of the “No Name Series”¹ to be immoral, it is difficult to discover. On the contrary, a careful reading leaves the impression of a higher morality than present fiction often holds—a sense of the inevitable penalty for all transgression of law, even when as innocent and unconscious as that of poor Katherine. The plot is simple. Katherine Carey is the only daughter of a self-made man, beginning as office-boy with the firm in which he eventually becomes a partner, and whose chief desire is to see a marriage between this daughter and Roger Hackblock, the oldest son of the senior partner. Lewis Barrington, a journalist and promising novel-writer, sees her giving strawberries to a group of poor children about the steps of her father’s house, and then and there, bewitched by her beauty and grace, registers a vow that no other woman shall ever be his wife. A fortunate chance that night introduces him to her, and an acquaintance begins that speedily ripens into love on her part as well. The invalid mother, the fresh and singularly unworldly daughter, the people who come and go about them, are all very real—above all the artist, Frank Davenport, who, head over ears in debt, spends the proceeds of his first successful picture in a wonderful brass bed, made up of twining dragons, “to sleep in which is an education in art.” Nancy Davenport is a very delicate and well-wrought creation, and the haps and mishaps of artist-life most faithfully and charmingly given. The Hackblocks are very unpleasantly real, and Mrs. Wilbraham, who appears on the scene after the death of Katherine’s father, the loss of fortune, and determination to atone for all the sorrow brought about by rash and inconsiderate action, is one of the most amusing figures in recent fiction. Katherine’s faults—sins, as she calls them—are all the result of defective training, and to see an error with her is to seek as instant atonement as possible. There is sorrow and abnegation, and a long, sad waiting—but “Barrington’s Fate” is happiness at last; and certainly the poor child, whose chief sin was an undeveloped, uneducated nature, deserves all that comes, the real sin lying with those who ignored its claims, though here again ignorance and selfishness were chief factors in the tragedy; and the moral lies behind all outcroppings of these traits, and is deep as life itself. The story is exceedingly unequal, but sufficiently strong to make this less an objection than it otherwise must be.

(1) HISTORY OF ANCIENT ART. By Dr. Franz Von Reber. Revised by the Author. Translated and Augmented by Joseph Thacher Clarke. With 310 Illustrations and a Glossary of Technical Terms. 8vo, pp. 482, \$3.50. Harper & Brothers, New York.

(1) BARRINGTON’S FATE. No Name Series. 16mo, pp. 414, \$1.00. Roberts Brothers, Boston.



JOAQUIN MILLER has given up poetry for the time being, and is devoting himself to newspaper correspondence, in which he is having exceptional success.

"THE WHEELMAN" has given itself a new and very attractive cover, and the contents are, as usual, of very even excellence, the magazine being an essential to all interested in bicycling news.

THE *Century* drops the various divisions of its editorial departments and gives place to one with the title of "Open Letters," much after the order of the popular "Contributors' Club," in the *Atlantic*.

MR. BROWNING bids fair to become a popular author, as twelve hundred copies of "Jocoseria" were sold within a week of publication; as many as have heretofore been required for the sales of several years.

MR. JULIAN HAWTHORNE is busily engaged upon the biography of his father, which he hopes to have ready for the press by July. It contains, as would naturally be expected, much interesting correspondence.

OVER eleven hundred applications have already been made for Dommett's hymn by young aspirants for Harpers' prize, New York leading the way in numbers, Boston being next, and a few coming from the South.

"JOHN INGLESANT" has passed into its twentieth edition, and is still in active demand, in spite of the statement in various quarters that philosophical novels have had their day, and that the public demands something more stirring.

MR. JOHN BIGELOW will write the life of William Cullen Bryant for the "American Men of Letters Series," and that of Bayard Taylor will be prepared by Mr. J. R. G. Hassard, the delightful quality of whose work is known to every reader of the *New York Tribune*.

NINE thousand copies of "Mr. Isaacs" have been sold in this country, and the Macmillans announce a new edition of three thousand copies. The author, Mr. F. Marion Crawford, is on his way to Japan, and may make that country the scene of his next novel.

MR. WILKIE COLLINS has turned his batteries upon the vivisectionists, and in his latest novel, just completed and to be published in May, gives a study of one of the most cold-blooded types, an attack of the gout having come just in season to insure the requisite ferocity of treatment.

THE "Old Corner Book Store" passes from the hands of the senior partner, Alexander Williams, long identified with Boston publishing interests, into those of the younger partners, under the firm name of Cupples, Upham & Co. Here seems a case where the English custom of retaining the name of the original firm might advantageously be tried.

THE "American Exchange" has organized a system of excursions on the established plan, and prints a monthly magazine, very neatly made up, called *Travel*, containing descriptions of various tours with the expense of each. *Drake's Traveller's Magazine* gives also a good deal of valuable information, the traveler having absolutely no excuse hereafter for losing his way.

IN "The Battle of the Moy; or, How Ireland Gained

Her Independence, 1892-1894," there is a prophecy which it is not impossible we may see worked out. A sudden and most unexpected declaration of independence takes place in 1892, when strifes of various sorts are going on in Europe, and, after many catastrophes, the Battle of the Moy puts an end to all farther difficulty. The battle itself is powerfully described, and the little book is so full of keen humor as to be well worth reading. (Paper, pp. 74, 50 cents; Lee & Shepard, Boston).

AN exceedingly sensible little book has just been published by D. Appleton & Co., "Hygiene for Girls," by Dr. Irenæus P. Davis, the nine chapters of which are each and all full of wise suggestion. The opening one on "Nerves and Nervousness," is a summary of the causes that underlie this national tendency, and is so calm and wise in tone that it cannot be too highly commended. Evidently a very just and well-balanced mind has looked on all sides of the subject, and common sense is especially evident in the chapter on "Hygienic Morals," which ends the book, as well as in that on "Feminine Employments." (12mo, pp. 210, \$1.00).

FUNK & WAGNALLS have reprinted the lectures of the Rev. H. R. Haweis, M. A., on "American Humorists," four of which were delivered before the Royal Institution in 1881. Mr. Haweis has an almost enthusiastic admiration for American humor, the highest type of which he considers is found in Washington Irving. Dr. Holmes ranks next, and is followed by James Russell Lowell, Artemus Ward, Mark Twain and Bret Harte. That on Dr. Holmes is in many points the most sympathetic and intelligent, but the book is, with all its gush and faults of style and statement, one that will go far toward giving a true impression of many American characteristics. The price is astonishingly low for the quality of the paper and binding used. (12mo, pp. 179, \$1.00).

MR. GEORGE H. CALVERT must be reckoned always with our rather limited number of "men of letters," his work for many years fully entitling him to this distinction. His prose is always clear and elegant in style, and his critical power has been shown in many forms. A student always, and well able to interpret the work of the masters, whether in prose or poetry, he can hardly himself be called a poet, though his works include various dramas and tragedies. "Mirabeau, an Historical Drama," is the latest venture, and is a very faithful reproduction of the spirit of that day. The character of Mirabeau has evidently been thoroughly studied, and Cecile is a very noble and womanly conception; but the drama, while possessing some strong situations, is not poetry, but prose, and cannot add to Mr. Calvert's reputation as a poet. (16mo, pp. 103, \$1.00; Lee & Shepard, Boston).

THE "Hammock Series" of Henry A. Sumner & Co., Chicago, grows slowly, the latest addition being "A Sane Lunatic," by Clara Louise Burnham. Miss Burnham is a sketchy and vivacious writer, but her plots are too wildly improbable in themselves, and in the present case too suggestive of Wilkie Collins' "Poor Miss Finch" to leave room for admiration of her inventiveness. Here, as in the English novelist's work, are two twin brothers; and the heroine, supposed to be a lunatic in the beginning, because of her constant reference to "Fairylaud," and her life there—"Fairylands" being really her birth-place, and thus named from its beauty—marries the right one at last, having first very nearly married the wrong one, who is the villain of the plot. There are some amusing scenes, and the book has no objectionable points, which is in itself a certain recommendation. (12mo, pp. 325, \$1.50).

HENRY HOLT & Co. have in press a volume entitled "Outlines of Constitutional History of the United States," by Luther H. Porter, which is announced by the publishers to be on a different plan from any history or text-book now before the public. "In Part I it gives a brief sketch

of the government of the colonies, and the text of one of each of the three kinds of colonial charters, in order to show the basis of our form of government. It then outlines the causes which led to the formation of the Constitution. In Part II the Constitution is given and treated in detail, and the nature and object of each clause explained in a simple manner. Part III narrates concisely the origin and growth of political parties, and traces the outlines of constitutional and party questions. It is not an ambitious work, but an attempt to put into convenient form, for the first use of students or other readers, a connected account of the main facts of the origin, nature and operation of the Constitution."

A THIRD edition has been called for of Dr. C. E. Page's little book, "How to Feed the Baby," and the success is a well deserved one. The regimen, to those accustomed to old methods, may seem severe, but the many who have tested it thoroughly find the results better even than the author claims they must be. There is no doubt that over-feeding is the rule with all young children; and that much of the mortality from birth to five years of age might be prevented by wiser treatment. Dr. Page has made infant dietetics a specialty, and knows of what he writes; and for ten years he has studied baby habits, measuring every specimen that came in his way, here or abroad, and finding out as many details as possible of its general health, physical traits, special sicknesses, methods of treatment, management, diet, clothing, etc. He has made a manual which may be trusted, and those who train their children by its directions are likely to secure for them the best possible physical development. (Paper, pp. 160, 50 cents; Fowler & Wells, New York).

"A DAUGHTER OF THE PHILISTINES" is the latest novel issued by Roberts Brothers, of Boston, in their No Name Series, and is a much more powerful story than the more recent ones of the series. The story opens in New York, where a Western family, whose fortune the father has made, by the aid of his scheming wife, out of an army contract, have succeeded in locating themselves. A Fifth Avenue mansion, plenty of money and a beautiful and stylish daughter, open the doors of fashionable society to them; and, while the father amuses himself on Wall street, we are shown, with all the coolness that Mr. Howells manifests in his "Modern Instance," the family discords, the want of reverence in the young people, the foibles of the willful daughter, and the fast life of the son. But while the son goes to perdition, as he deserves, there is an innate goodness in the daughter, aided by her marriage to a man of principle, that makes her at last, contrary to our fears, a most charming young matron. There is much stock speculation in the story, and the usual end of the mushroom growth. (16mo, pp. 325, \$1.00).

THE spirit of criticism is more and more a nineteenth-century instinct, and it may be questioned whether there will soon be any time left for accomplishment. When the world takes to defining past and present, and book follows book to prove either a new theory or some new shade of distinction in the old, creation ends, and by the time all have spoken there will be no modern art to talk about. Now and then, however, comes a book that is not a complaint of bad work, but an incentive to good, and of this order is Miss Lucy Crane's "Art and the Formation of Taste;" six lectures, with illustrations drawn by Thomas and Walter Crane. Nothing simpler or more direct can be imagined than these six talks, the introductory one giving an outline of the history and progress of art, and the remaining ones treating of decorative art, in form, color, dress and needle-work; of sculpture, architecture and painting. Unpretentious and quiet as the work is, no one can read without admiration for the good sense and real insight of the author, and regret that one so fitted to teach should have ended life just as its best work had begun. (12mo, pp. 292, \$2.00; Macmillan & Co., London).

MR. J. L. MCCREERY disarms all criticism by the frank statement in his introduction to "Songs of Toil and Triumph," that they are sung to please himself. He quotes Ruskin's petition for no more second-rate poetry, in which occurs this passage: "All inferior poetry is injury to the good, inasmuch as it takes away from the freshness of rhymes, gives a wretched commonality to good thoughts, and, in general, adds to the weight of human weariness in a most woeful and culpable manner." Mr. McCreery replies—it need not be said, in rhyme—that though owls may cry "silence!" crickets will still chirp:

"My song is a homely affair, no doubt;
But when my heart and throat are athrill
With a thought or a joy that I want to let out,
Though owls may complain, I will not keep still."

The genuinely fine poem, long attributed to Bulwer, beginning:

"There is no death! the stars go down
To rise upon some other shore,"

is given in full, with a history of its fortunes, and the remainder of the volume, though by no means up to this standard, is full of a very gentle and thoughtful spirit. (16mo, pp. 143, \$1.00; G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York).

The first volume of Mr. Hulbert Howe Bancroft's "History of the Pacific States," "Central America," is succeeded by Vol. IV, on Mexico, the explanation for the sudden jump being found in a publisher's note accompanying the volume:

"It has been deemed advisable, for several reasons, to deviate from strict numerical order in the publication of the several volumes of this History, and pursue a more chronological course. Thus, instead of continuing the annals of Central America, as presented in the second volume of the series, the fourth volume of the series is next issued, which is the first volume of the history of Mexico. The three succeeding volumes will bring the histories of Mexico and Central America, side by side, down to about 1800. These will be followed by several volumes on regions toward the north, for approximately the same period; for example, the earlier volumes on the North Mexican States, California, the Northwest Coast, and Oregon, New Mexico and Arizona, Nevada, Utah, Washington, Idaho and Montana, British Columbia and Alaska, may be issued at any time."

The present volume has all the peculiarities as well as charms of Mr. Bancroft's work. It is too diffuse as usual, but it is also a brilliantly written narrative, packed with facts to which no other historian has had as full access. Mr. Bancroft's statement of his methods of work seems to have aroused a feeling that much of it was practically not his own. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The enormous amount of material in his library of reference necessitates the employment of trained assistants; but any practiced literary worker knows that note-taking is only the preliminary stage, and that the real labor begins when connected narrative must grow from jottings. Mr. Bancroft's style is his own, and its virtues far exceed its vices. (8vo, pp. 702, \$3.50. A. L. Bancroft & Co., publishers, San Francisco).

NEW BOOKS.

SELECTIONS FROM THE POETRY OF ROBERT BROWNING. With an Introduction by Richard Grant White. 12mo, pp. 285, \$2.00. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

GIDEON FLEYCE. By H. W. Lucy. Leisure Moment Series. Paper, pp. 324, 20 cents. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

THE SLEEPING CAR. A Farce. By William D. Howells. 24mo, pp. 74, 50 cents. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

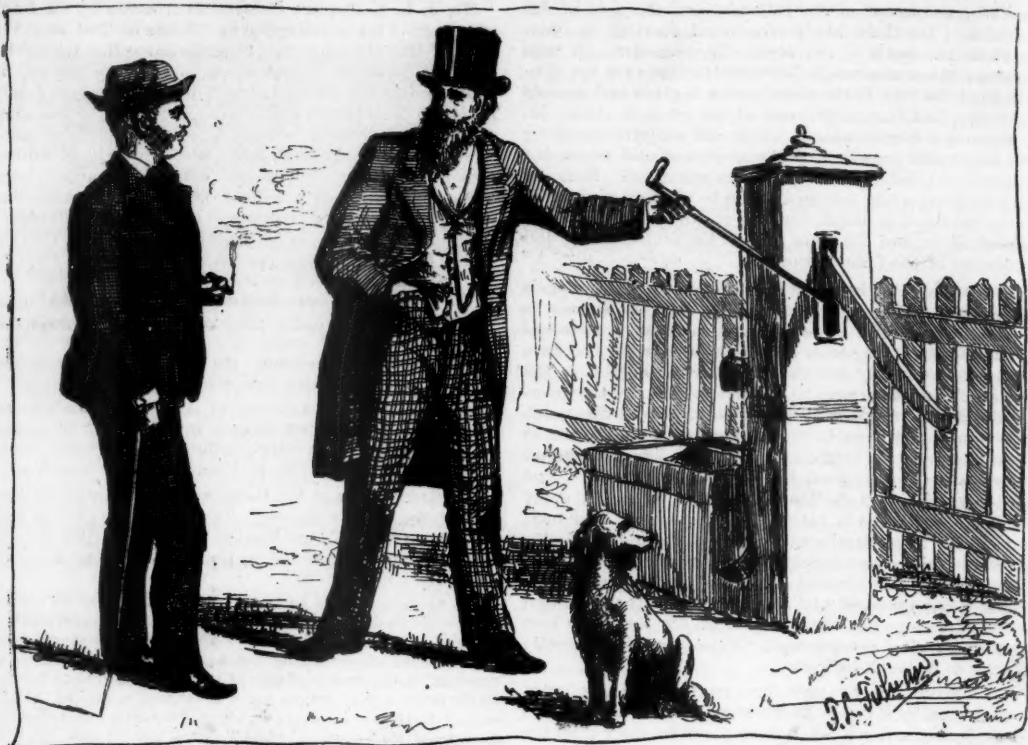
FANCHETTE. By One of Her Admirers. Round Robin Series, 16mo, pp. 369, \$1.00. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

ANGELINE. A Poem. By George H. Calvert. Paper, pp. 50, 50 cents. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

ON THE WING. Rambling Notes of a Trip to the Pacific. By Mary E. Blake. 16mo, pp. 231, \$1.00. Lee & Shepard.

THE BATTLE OF THE MOY. Or, How Ireland Gained Her Independence, 1892-1894. Paper, pp. 74, 50 cents. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

A HISTORY OF LATIN LITERATURE. From Erasmus to Boethius. By George Augustus Simcox, M. A. Two vols., 12mo, pp. 468, 461, \$4.00. Harper & Brothers, New York.



Prospective Purchaser of Country Place to Agent.—“But I don't see any stream of running water such as described in the advertisement, and you've taken me all over the place now.”

Agent.—“Here you are! Fact is, the stream is subterranean. Great natural curiosity! We have tapped her here with the pump. Have a drink?”

An Attorney to His Love.

FOREVER witness this deed poll,
To whom it may concern,
That for the sweetest of *feymes sole*
With quenchless love I burn.
To her, in very simplest fee,
My heart I do convey,
With covenant of warranty,
Forever and for aye.
I humbly pray that she will give
Her heart to me in trust,
To be its tenant while I live
Till mine is turned to dust.
I dare not seek a title great,
Although I madly love her;
If she would grant a life estate,
I'd yield remainder over.
Her heart's entailed, perhaps; then short
I'll bring recoverie,
And plead my cause in Love's own court,
With Cupid for vouchee.
The usufruct of her dear lips
Would surely lure the bees in;
I long to hold her finger-tips
By livery of seizin.
Ah, hopeless I! To me appears
Her host of suitors; yet,
Oh, who can soothe such startled fears
By bills “*quid timet?*”
How my aforesaid heart would sing,
And all said fears would cease,
If this fair court would let me bring

A churchly bill of peace.
Then, by these presents, witness ye
I'm estoppéd to deny
That she's my heart's sole alienee,
And shall be till I die. C. E. S. WOOD.

Contentment.

[From a Letter to the N. Y. Tribune.]

OLD Jones he leads a happy life,
He has no care or wedded strife;
He drinks the best of ginger wine.
I wish old Jones' lot were mine.
And yet he is not happy quite,
The gout it makes him swear outright:
The rheumatism racks his bones.
I think I'd rather not be Jones.
Young Johnson better pleases me;
He's in the best society;
Has lords and ladies at command.
In Johnson's boots I'd rather stand.
And yet I'm very much afraid
For those same boots he's never paid;
He's always out lest duns should call.
I'd not be Johnson after all.
Then here I'll rest, nor rashly go,
But live and die in Pimlico;
At home I'll drink my ginger wine,
And go when I'm asked out to dine.
And as I drink my ginger wine,
I'll think that I with Jones do dine;
And when invited out to tea,
I'll fancy I young Johnson be.

FREDERICK LOCKER.